

LIFE



PRINCESS ELIZABETH

FEBRUARY 15, 1943

10

CENTS

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION \$4.50

NOT ALONE...

"Funny how you get to thinking up here in the hell of battle. Somehow, pictures of home keep flickering through your mind..."

"A second ago, to your Axis foe, you were a harmless dot in the sun. And now—a blazing battery of wrathful guns!"

"Strange that as you watch him begin to smoke and turn away and drop, you see yourself in your mother's busy kitchen, leaning against the wall and talking—or all at once, above the engine's roar, you hear your brother singing beside you."

"And suddenly you know that, after all, you and your Corsair are not alone!"

"Strange, too, to know that the extra power that helped you to victory came from an engine built by men who once made peaceful things—like the refrigerator standing in your kitchen or the car parked at your front door."

"Strangest of all to think that the 'N-K' brand your engine bears may have been

put there by your father's hands, in the factory out home."

When the Navy's new Corsair fighter flies to victory, the men of Nash-Kelvinator may well be proud. For the Corsair's two-thousand-horsepower Pratt & Whitney engine is built and supercharged to give it the edge over any Axis plane known!

This is our job—to make America supreme in the air. And because not just our engines and propellers but our sons and brothers are up there fighting in the sky—we're giving it all we've got!

So look for news from the planes winging their way over the fire-rimmed valley of the Rhine . . . the burning sands of Africa . . . the boiling waters of the South Pacific.

And listen! In the roar of their engines—you can hear the beating of our hearts!

NASH-KELVINATOR CORPORATION

Let's keep the battle rolling—with War Bonds and all the scrap we can collect!

NASH  **KELVINATOR**

Our duty is twofold: To help build weapons for Victory and to help build the kind of America our boys have a right to expect when they come home.



Ethyl stands for antiknock fluid made only by the Ethyl Corporation. Oil companies put Ethyl fluid into gasoline to prevent knocking.

The Ethyl trade mark emblem on a gasoline pump means that Ethyl fluid has been put into high quality gasoline and the gasoline sold from that pump can be called "Ethyl."

ETHYL CORPORATION
Room 3512, Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.

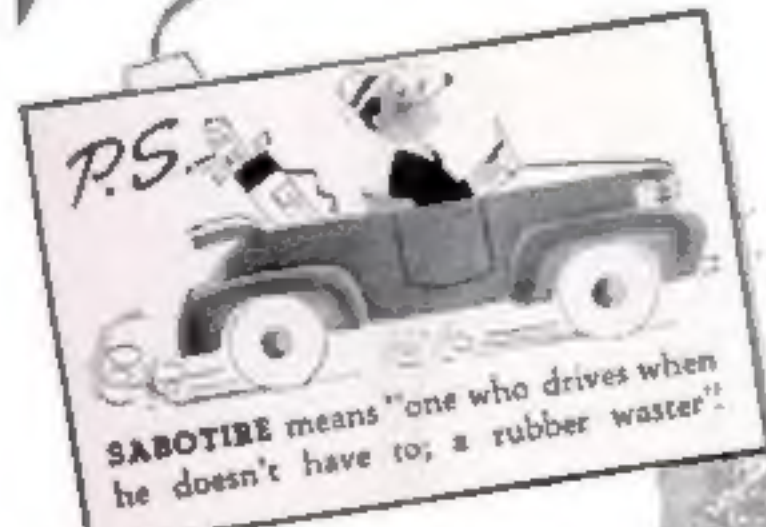
Please send me a free copy of "What's in a Name?"

Name _____
(PLEASE PRINT)
Address _____
City _____ State _____

This One



W71F-BN8-1TNT



SABOTIRE means "one who drives when he doesn't have to; a rubber waster".

What does your name mean?

The meanings and origins of over 900 masculine and feminine names are given in the fascinating illustrated booklet, "What's in a Name?" It's free—no obligation—just mail coupon.

FREE ILLUSTRATED BOOK OF NAMES



Think 50¢ is Too Much?

THE GIRL: I can't seem to sell a kiss at my price . . . an' I was s'posed to be the big hit of the Charity Bazaar.

US: Listen, honey—your kisses could be priceless if you only knew The Secret!

THE GIRL: See here, if you don't think I know how to kiss, I'll . . .

US: (hastily) It's not that! It's a secret of—well—personal daintiness . . . the secret of bathing body odor away, the feminine way!

THE GIRL: The feminine way! Are you kidding? I thought a soap to remove body odor had to have that strong, "mannish" smell to be effective!

US: Not this one, my dear . . . here's a fragrant, truly feminine soap that leaves you alluringly scented, and daily use stops all body odor! Want proof? Here 'tis . . .

NO SALE
Kisses
\$100 50¢

US: See what we mean? The rich, creamy-white lather of today's specially made Cashmere Bouquet Soap bathes away every trace of body odor, instantly!

THE GIRL: Well, what d'you know . . . it's the truth! Suds like whipped cream, and—o-m-m-m—what a heavenly perfume! Smells just like \$20-an-ounce!

US: That's Cashmere Bouquet's famous "fragrance men love"! And on you, it's irresistible!

THE GIRL: Hope you're right . . . 'cause tonight I'm going to the Charity Ball!



US: You're going to be a busy girl. That's the sixth man who's asked you for a date!

THE GIRL: I love it! Does Cashmere Bouquet guarantee such results all the time?

US: Your own loveliness guarantees that, my dear . . . Cashmere Bouquet just insures your daintiness! Remember—no other soap gets rid of perspiration better than Cashmere Bouquet!

THE GIRL: Looks like me'n Cashmere Bouquet are going to go places together!



Stay dainty each day...
with **Cashmere Bouquet**

THE SOAP WITH THE FRAGRANCE MEN LOVE

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS PACIFIC MISSION

Sirs:

Both your magazine and Captain Eddie Rickenbacker are to be congratulated upon the high literary quality of the latter's account of his recent miraculous adventures and those of his military companions, now running in LIFE, entitled Pacific Mission. Truth is verily stranger than fiction. It is so dramatically told, so interesting, even to the smallest detail, that it is bound to become one of the real masterpieces of contemporary historical and biographical literature.

Schoolboys in the present and future generations, no end, will eagerly devour this tale of almost unbelievable adventure, involving courage, stamina, religious faith and human ingenuity, with more stimulation of their imaginations than the reading of Robinson Crusoe, Swiss Family Robinson, or Huckleberry Finn.

It is a truly gripping and compelling literary epic.

HOWARD OSTERHOUT

New York, N. Y.

Sirs:

I think you did a magnificent job with Eddie Rickenbacker's story. It only shows how the soul of man can roar from the skies and rise from the water again. I have long contended that the epic of the sea, in spite of Melville and Conrad, had not been written. Now Rickenbacker has done it. That able fellow, and I wish his name were Irish, had death as a pal instead of a woman, the lack of which makes all sea tales false. But of course one wants too much in this world. Imagine nose-diving into the sea with Joseph Conrad.

JIM TULLY

Canoga Park, Calif.

● Lusty Novelist and Screenwriter Jim Tully should recognize a good yarn when he sees one.—ED.

Sirs:

Congratulations on the Eddie Rickenbacker story!

We have had detailed accounts of wrecks and human suffering in this foul German war but nothing has come up to this saga of fortitude and courage.

It is a source of pride to us to know that Rick is an American.

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG
New York, N. Y.

Sirs:

That story of Rickenbacker's rescue in the current issue of LIFE was a knockout. Out here at Goodyear everyone was interested, but it was especially engrossing to four of our people: Mary E. Thompson, Flossie Anson, Elmer K. Brown and Robert S. Barnhart. They built the Rickenbacker rafts and can prove it by code numbers which are perfectly legible in photographs we have received from OWL. (The captions on page 90 naming the J. Walter Kidde Co. as the builder are in error. Kidde ably supplies us with the metal valves and carbon-dioxide cylinders which are used for inflation but, to the best of my knowledge, they do not build any boats.)

The rafts are designed solely for temporary emergencies and it is no wonder that Rickenbacker and his men were so cramped and uncomfortable. Undoubtedly, improved and roomier designs could be worked out for the big overseas transport planes if the Army or Navy, our sole customers, should so elect.

The Rickenbacker raft was built back in 1940. We have learned some things since then, and you may be interested in what the Army and Navy have added to raft equipment in recent months. Those we turn out today carry such things as a pistol and signals, a sealed can of distilled water, a can of bright-colored powder which can be spread upon the water thus making the area more easily sighted by rescue planes, food rations, a scout knife, a police whistle, first-aid kit, fishing equipment,

(continued on p. 4)

IT'S THE SCREEN'S GREATEST
MUSI-GAL
ICE-TRAVAGANZA

THRILL TO KENNY'S
LOVE SONGS TO PAT

"Silver Skates"

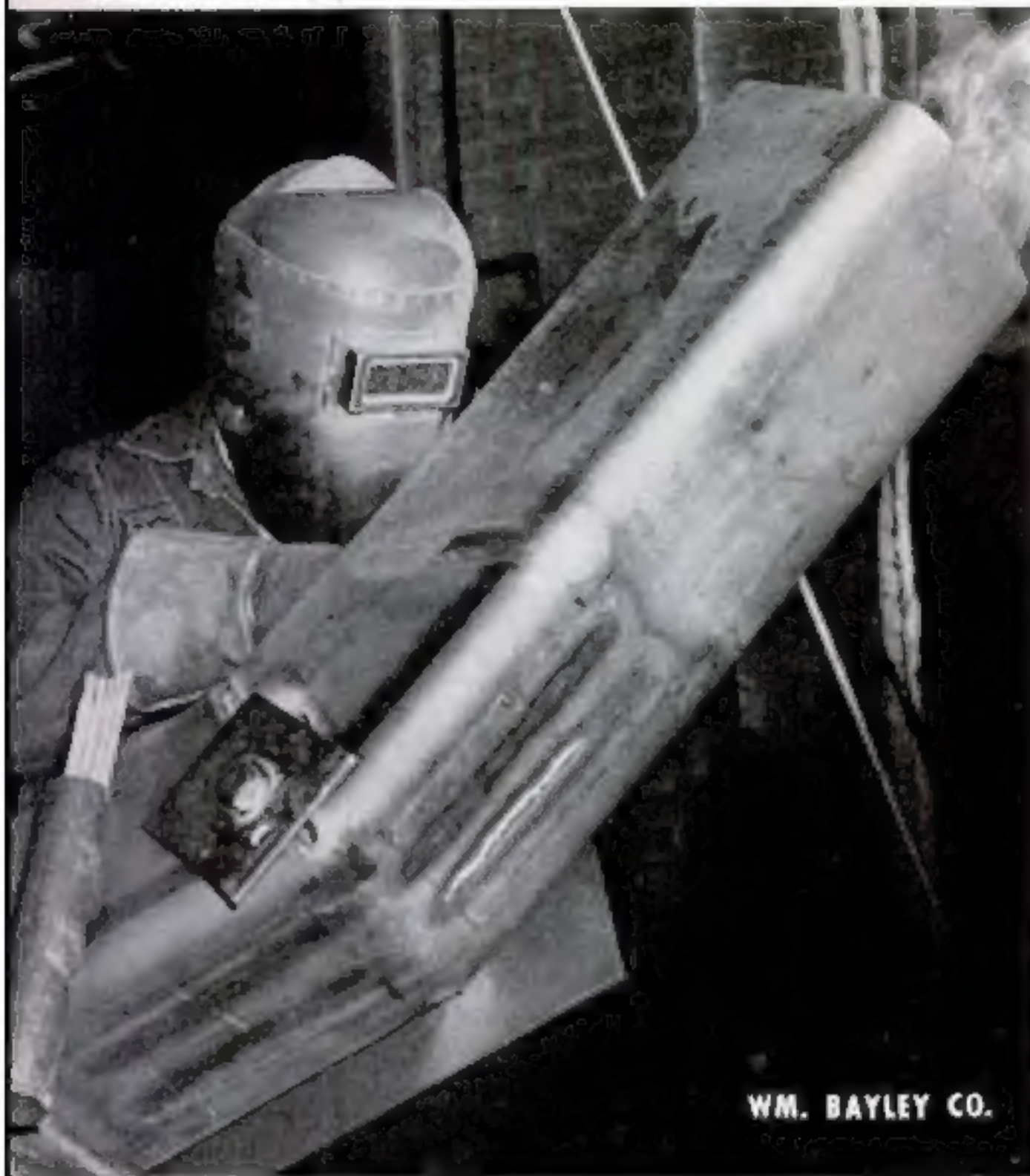
KENNY BAKER • PATRICIA MORISON
AND BELITA

FRICK & FRACK
IRENE DARE • DANNY SHAW
EUGENE TURNER
TED FIO RITO

Produced by Lindsley Parsons
Supervised by Wm. D. Shapiro
Directed by Leslie Goodwins
Musical Numbers Directed by Dave Gould
Original Screenplay by Jerry Cady

IT'S A MONOGRAM PICTURE

An UNLUCKY 13 for the Axis



WM. BAYLEY CO.

24 hours a day men weld metal into bad news for our enemies. Meanwhile their womenfolk welcome meal planning advice at H-for-V meetings.

A DOZEN AND ONE PLANTS IN THIS TYPICAL AMERICAN CITY ARE POURING OUT WAR PRODUCTION WITH THE HELP OF HEALTH-FOR-VICTORY MEALS

Here in Springfield, Ohio, a busy medium size industrial city, practically one out of every three of the townspeople is actively engaged in war production. And 13 vitally important war plants have traded their peacetime know-how for wartime skill in turning out war materials.

Meanwhile, the patriotic womenfolk of these fighting war workers have banded together in the Health-for-Victory Club. They're determined to keep their families hale and hearty and hard at work. And they know the importance of good food.

Through rain, sleet and snow they eagerly turn out for monthly meetings where eating for health, food rationing and many other wartime food problems

are tackled and solved. Club members at each meeting get new Meal Planning Guides with menus and recipes for every meal in the following month.

Meeting programs, menus and other materials come from the Westinghouse Home Economics Institute where the H-for-V movement originated. All this timely information is based on years of practical experience in homemaking and nutrition. In Springfield, all of this material is presented to club members by talented Home Economists of the Ohio Edison Company. Through the co-operation of other local electric utility companies, there are already 300 H-for-V Clubs in America's top-flight war plants. From coast to coast they are lending stout support to America's war effort.

Enthusiastic Sponsors of Health-for-Victory in Springfield, Ohio

Springfield Machine & Tool Co. * New York Central System * Buckeye Bumpers
The Bauer Bros. Co. * Ohio Edison Co. * Springfield Metallic Casket Co. * Champion Co.
Wm. Bayley Co. * Robertson Steel & Iron Co. * Oliver Farm Equipment Co.
Steel Products Engineering Co. * National Supply Co. * Robbins & Myers, Inc.



SPRINGFIELD MACHINE & TOOL CO.

Father and son, the Groggs, team up for Victory. They relish appetizing, stick-to-the-ribs, H-for-V lunches.



N. Y. CENTRAL SYSTEM

Meeting all trains club members serve lunches to soldiers at depot. Feed own families, too, foods suggested in H-for-V menus.



ROBBINS & MYERS, INC.

Eating for vigor at \$16 a week for five. Rouse Baird, Labor-Management group member, enjoys H-for-V meals.



Free! THE ABC'S OF EATING FOR HEALTH

This 16-page booklet is packed full of information on what foods to eat and why. Shows easy ways to plan health-building menus, how to cook foods to retain precious vitamins, with cooking utensils you now own. Lots of other vital information. Send for free sample copy.

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC & MFG. CO.
294 Fourth Street
Mansfield, Ohio



THE BAUER BROS. CO.

6 days a week, Ernest J. Haerr turns out war production. On Sunday he preaches in local church.



NATIONAL SUPPLY CO.

Seven sons and a daughter in coremaker Frock's family benefit from H-for-V meals.

TUNE IN ON JOHN CHARLES THOMAS, WESTINGHOUSE PROGRAM, NBC, SUNDAY AT 2:30 P. M., E. W. T.

Health-for-Victory Club

A CONTRIBUTION TO AMERICA'S WAR EFFORT BY

Westinghouse

ELECTRIC APPLIANCE DIVISION



WHILE COLDS ARE RAIDING THE NATION



FEWER COLDS...SHORTER COLDS...50% LESS SICKNESS FROM COLDS!
*That's the Record of Children Who Followed
 This Easy Home Plan in a Great Winter Test*

These wonderful results were actually made among 2650 children who followed Vicks Plan in a great medically-supervised test.

Today—the *very same Plan* that scored such startling results in this winter-long test can now be used *right in your own home*.

Of course, the Plan may do less for you—or it may do *even more!* But right now, with colds causing so much suffering and keeping so many people away from important jobs—it's certainly *worth trying* in your home.

VICKS PLAN HERE'S WHAT TO DO—

1 Observe a Few Simple Health Rules. Live normally. Avoid excesses. Eat simple food. Drink plenty of water. Keep elimination regular. Take some exercise daily, preferably outdoors. Get plenty of rest and sleep. Avoid people who have colds.



2 At the First Sniffle or Sneeze put a few drops of clinic-tested Vicks Va-tro-nol up each nostril. Use as directed in package. This specialized medication is expressly designed to aid natural defenses against colds—and so helps prevent many colds from developing. (If you should have a mean head cold, use Vicks Va-tro-nol to relieve the distress.)



3 If a Cold Should Develop or Slip by Precautions...rub clinic-tested Vicks VapoRub on back and on throat and chest. It penetrates to the cold-congested upper bronchial tubes with soothing vapors. It stimulates chest and back surfaces like a warming poultice. This penetrating-stimulating action works for hours to relieve miseries of colds.

NOTE: Full details of Vicks Plan in your package of Vicks... If the miserable symptoms of a cold are not relieved promptly—or if more serious trouble seems to threaten—call in your family doctor right away.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS (continued)

shade and camouflage cloth, combination sail and water-catcher, oars, repair kit, bullet-hole plugs and bailing bucket.

L. E. JUDD

Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Akron, Ohio

Sirs:

Accompanying the very interesting article, *Pacific Mission*, by Captain Eddie Rickenbacker (*LIFE*, Jan. 25), a series of photographs appears demonstrating "how three men can crowd into



RICKENBACKER'S RAFTS

large five-man raft." Judging from the sandwiching I should like to know whether they are actually "five-man rafts," whether you made a misprint, or whether you were just kidding.

CLARK KNIERMAN

Meadville, Pa.

● *LIFE* was not kidding. The large raft pictured is called a five-man raft not because five men can get into it comfortably, but because its buoyancy is just enough to support five men.—ED.

SULLIVAN BROTHERS

Sirs:

On page 37 of your Jan. 25 *LIFE* in the article on the Sullivan brothers you state the following:

"This, the heaviest blow suffered by one family since Pearl Harbor and 'probably in American naval history,' is even more overwhelming than the loss of Mrs. Lydia Bixby of Boston who received Lincoln's famous letter of condolence after death in battle of her fifth son in 1863."

In Philip Van Doren Stern, *The Life and Writings of Abraham Lincoln* (Random House, N. Y.), page 289, we read the following:

"Just as Gettysburg is the most widely known of all Lincoln's speeches, so this letter to Mrs. Bixby is the most celebrated of all his letters. At the request of Governor Andrew of Massachusetts, Lincoln wrote to Mrs. Lydia Bixby of Boston, to console her for the loss of five sons who were supposed to have died in service. The letter was immediately printed by many newspapers throughout the country. Afterward, it was shown that only two of the boys had actually died in action—one at Fredericksburg, and one at Petersburg. Another, reported to have been killed at Gettysburg, had been taken prisoner. Still another, who also was taken prisoner, enlisted in the Confederate ranks. The youngest son deserted and went to sea. Lincoln, of course, knew nothing of this when he wrote to Mrs. Bixby."

GARRETT B. KEMPERS

Le Mars, Iowa

● Thanks to Reader Kempers for noting this interesting historical fact about the famous Bixby letter.—ED.

SOLDIERS AND FEAR

Sirs:

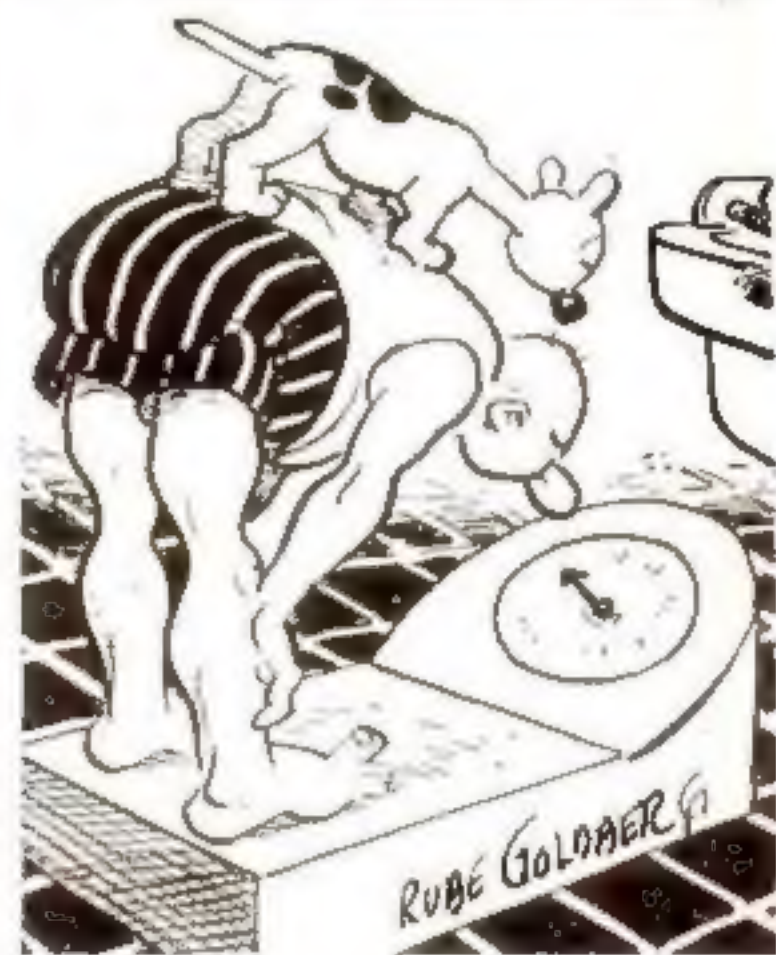
After reading "How A Soldier Faces Fear" I say—speed the day when an intensive course in military psychology will be given to every soldier in Uncle Sam's army, along with his military training and discipline. A few well-trained soldiers, armed with courage, can accomplish infinitely more in combat than several times their number who are incapacitated by fright.

L. P. BAUMAN

Ashland, Ohio

(continued on p. 6)

STOP LOOKING!



HERE'S THE ANSWER for every man who wants better shaves at low cost. Only 25¢ now buys 18 of the keenest razor blades you ever used... Berkeley Blades! Switch today. Made of fine watch-spring steel; precision honed. Money-back guarantee!

NO BETTER BLADES AT ANY PRICE

18 for 25¢



Consolidated Razor Blade Co., Inc., Jersey City, N.J.

... Save steel. Make blades go farther. Put dry with towel after every shave. Use lots of water with soap or shaving cream.

CORNS GO while YOU carry on!

Doctor's 4-Way Relief Acts Instantly!

1. Sends pain flying
2. Quickly removes corns
3. Prevents corns, sore toes
4. Eases new or tight shoes



YOUR patriotic duty is to keep your feet fit! Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads relieve your misery from corns, gently remove them—while you carry on! Instantly stop tormenting shoe friction; lift painful, nerve-rasping pressure. NOTE: If corns have formed, use the separate Medications supplied for removing them. The pads alone will give you immediate relief and prevent sore toes, corns, blisters from new or tight shoes—another advantage of Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads over old-time caustic liquids and plasters. At Drug, Shoe, Department Stores. Cost but a trifle.

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

FEET HURT, BURN?

Dr. Scholl's Foot Balm quickly relieves foot discomfort caused by exertion. Soothing, refreshing. Send it to the boys in Service. 35¢





What can a man believe in?

You stand in the audience, eyes uplifted, singing at the top of your lungs. All around you, friends and neighbors.

Suddenly you falter. The others falter also. The burst of song that had begun to swell into a wave of patriotic fervor dies down to an uncertain murmur.

You no longer feel quite so patriotic. You feel abashed.

May we be forgiven if we offer a simple wartime suggestion? It's this: Shut yourself up in your room for five minutes and commit to memory *all* the words of, at least, the first verse of "The Star Spangled Banner."

And these from the fourth stanza:

*"Then conquer we must, for our cause it is just,
And this be our motto: 'In God is our trust.'"*

These are words immortal. Learn them. Sing them. Let the whole world know you believe in them!



Every Squibb product—whether made especially for prescription by the medical profession or for proper everyday use in the home—bears an individual control number. It means that each detail in the product's making has been checked against Squibb's high standards and recorded under that number at the Squibb Laboratories. Look for the name and control number when you buy. You can believe in Squibb.



E·R·SQUIBB & SONS

Manufacturing Chemists to the Medical Profession Since 1858

THE PRICELESS INGREDIENT OF EVERY PRODUCT IS THE HONOR AND INTEGRITY OF ITS MAKER

Capr. 1943 by E. R. Squibb & Sons

MOVIES YOU CAN OWN!

**TWO TERRIFIC
BATTLE ACTIONS
BOTH IN ONE FILM!**

**FOR EVERY 8MM-16MM
PROJECTOR OWNER!**

"U.S. CARRIER FIGHTS FOR LIFE!"



Know the thrill of battle as Jap planes attack your carrier! Feel your trigger finger itching, your throat dry with excitement as destruction hurtles from the skies! Experience the exultation of sending hot lead to meet your enemies... the satisfaction of dropping Tojo's desperados flaming into the sea! Here's a picture that puts you right in the thick of the conflict... brings you out cheering as the Nip attackers are licked! Own this movie! History and heroism as actually filmed in blazing action! A prize for every projector owner! *Get it today!*

"RUSSIA STRIKES BACK!"

Transport yourself to the flaming inferno of Stalingrad! Join in the most heroic defense the world has ever known! Then counterattack with our fearless Allies! Join a Russian tank crew and drive the Nazis reeling through this winter's snow! Man the anti-aircraft guns! Knock down a Stuka! Retake a village with machine gun and grenade! Here's a breathtaking picture of heroic deeds that will leave you gasping! It's real! Dynamic! Terrific! Every moment filled with fighting fury! Act now! Get both these movies in one Castle film!

FREE! New Castle war films catalog, describing movies of every important battle action of World War II. Check below to receive it.

**CASTLE FILMS
INC.**

RCA BLDG. NEW YORK FIELD BLDG. CHICAGO RUSS BLDG. SAN FRANCISCO



**DON'T WAIT!
SEE YOUR PHOTO DEALER
OR SEND THIS HANDY
ORDER FORM TO HIM
TODAY!**

ORDER FORM

8 mm.	
<input type="checkbox"/> 50 feet . . .	\$1.75
<input type="checkbox"/> 100 feet . . .	5.50
16 mm.	
<input type="checkbox"/> 100 feet . . .	2.75
<input type="checkbox"/> 350 feet . . .	8.75
<input type="checkbox"/> Sound 350 feet	17.50

Send Castle Films' latest war movie, "U. S. CARRIER FIGHTS FOR LIFE and RUSSIA STRIKES BACK" (both in one film) in the size and edition indicated.

Name

Address

City State L. 2

Remittance enclosed ☐ Ship C. O. D. ☐ Send Castle Films' FREE War Films Catalog ☐

Copyright, 1942, Castle Films, Inc.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS (continued)

COMBAT-ZONE ERRORS

Sirs:

We are six potential officers in the Field Artillery Officer Candidate School at Fort Sill, Okla. We would like to question your remarks on combat-zone errors (LIFE, Jan. 25).

In one of the drawings you make the statement that in the event of disablement of one vehicle, the rest of the column should pull off the side of the road and be placed under cover. A column never stops for one vehicle, instead, it alone is pulled off to the side of the road and the rest of the column proceeds to its destination.

CORP. NORMAN M. SCHOFIELD
MASTER SGT. EDWARD J. SHEEHE

SGT. JOHN C. HUNTER
STAFF SGT. JOHN L. STOCKLON
TECH. SGT. WALTER KOMARINSKY

1ST SGT. HAROLD T. SHAUGH
Fort Sill, Okla.

● There appears to be a difference of opinion between the Field Artillery and the Armored Force. LIFE's pictures of combat-zone errors were reprinted from the *Armored Force News*, an official organ.—ED.

SUBSCRIPTION TROUBLE

Sirs:

I don't have to tell you that I like LIFE—the fact that I am still a subscriber proves that. But I do have a strong complaint to register—and that is about the neglectful way in which you handle gift subscriptions.

On Dec. 20, I sent you a check for \$4.50 and the carefully printed name and address of my uncle, for whom I was ordering LIFE as a Christmas present. Up till Jan. 20—one month later and long after Christmas—my uncle had not received a single copy of LIFE.

How much longer will I be considered an ungrateful niece who forgot a nice guy at Christmas?

MRS. W. T. DE GROFF
Rye, N. Y.

● LIFE regrets that there have been delays in filling Christmas gift orders this year. An undermanned and overloaded circulation staff did its best. However, no uncle should blame his niece, for with each LIFE gift-announcement card goes an apology and an explanation.—ED.

Sirs:

SOS!

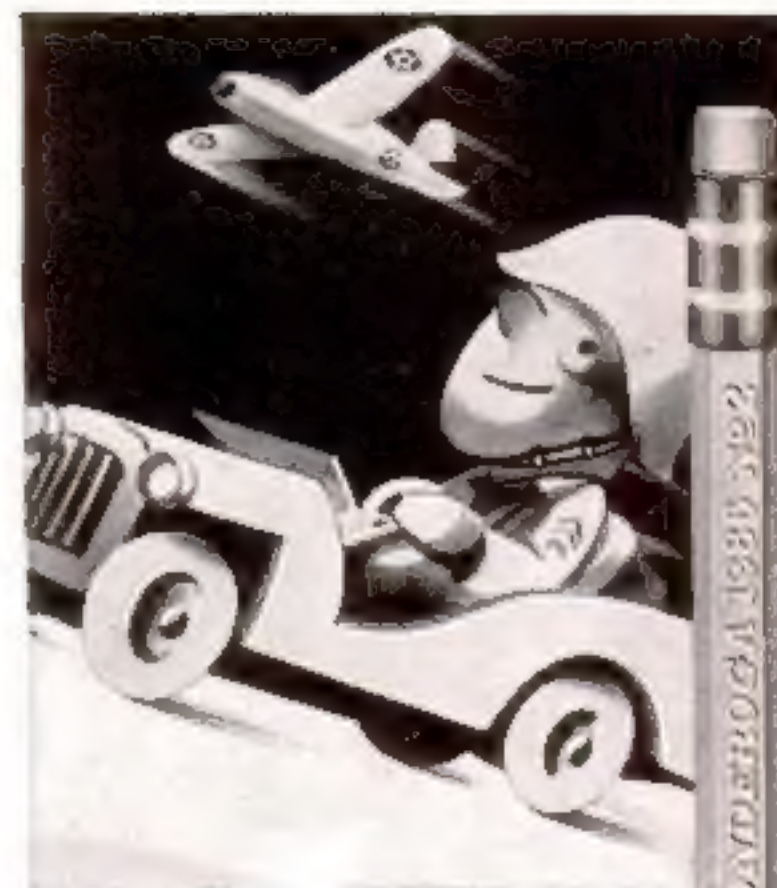
Three weeks ago I wrote you that I was transferred from Miami Beach to Chanute Field—but so far my copies of LIFE have not caught up with me.

My real reason for writing is to assure you that LIFE is one magazine I want sent after me when I push off for "destination unknown." I hope this is sufficient indication that I want LIFE to get around the rumored new regulation that gift subscriptions will not be sent abroad hereafter unless requested in writing by the soldier receiving same.

PVT. F. H. JOHNSON
Chanute Field, Ill.

● Private Johnson's change of address would have been effected more quickly if he had given his old as well as new address the first time he wrote.

And that new regulation is a fact, not a rumor. Private Johnson need not worry about it, though, for his gift subscription was entered before the new regulation went into effect. But from now on no new gift subscription may be accepted for an A.P.O. address unless the donor sends along with the order a written request from the soldier.—ED.



Nice Going!

When you turn out a good day's writing and purr at how bright you are, remember it was the Ticonderoga pencil you used that sped you along. There are fewer trips to the sharpener with a Ticonderoga on the job, more writing ease, more writing done, and you use 50% less writing energy when you use a Ticonderoga pencil. Standardize on Ticonderoga pencils today to speed your work tomorrow and that of your staff.

*A fine American
Pencil with a fine
American name...*

TICONDEROGA

Joseph Dixon Crucible Co., Dept. 43-J2, Jersey City, N. J.
Canadian Plant: Dixon Pencil Co., Ltd., Newmarket, Ont.

*Eyes working
overtime?*

**Here's help for that
tired, red-eyed look!**

When your eyes feel fagged out from close work, glare, or late hours—use EYE-GENE! It's so soothing—helps make your eyes feel more rested. Clearer, brighter, too!

EYE-GENE is an eye specialists' formula. In fact, no other lotion has the exclusive ingredient that makes it so effective in so short a time. Even that bloodshot look vanishes almost immediately! Stainless. Inexpensive. Safe! At drug, dept. & 10¢ stores.

EYE-GENE

**2 DROPS CLEAR,
SOOTHE IN SECONDS!**



"Ladies, here's how you can help cook a tank!..."

"Funny thing! We women understand why sugar, coffee, gasoline and oil have to be rationed . . . but few of us dream that the Gas that cooks our breakfast bacon is also a vital war material!"

"It probably never occurs to us that we are actually helping to build a tank or a plane or a ship or a gun when we avoid wasteful use of Gas in cooking and especially in house heating and water heating."

"For Gas is used in making nearly every kind of weapon we need to win the war!"

"We women have always known that Gas is the fastest cooking fuel, that it's completely flexible and easy to control. So we can easily understand why Gas is important in helping to give our fighting forces better equipment—that it's speeding production in order that our boys may finish the job over there and get back home."

"So let's all remember . . . it's just as patriotic to use Gas wisely as it is to make the many other sacrifices that are needed for Victory!"



MEETING WARTIME NEEDS

1. For Gas fuel. Today the Gas industry is producing more Gas than at any time in history. Yet because of the difficulty in transporting fuel oil and coal to make manufactured Gas—and because of the shortage of materials with which to enlarge plants or build new natural gas pipe lines—there may be times in some sections when the demands of war production will reduce the amount of Gas normally available for household use. It is for these reasons you are urged to use Gas wisely.

2. For nutrition information. If you are one of the 85 million who depend on Gas for cooking, feel free to ask your Gas Company for the latest information on preparing nutritious wartime meals.

AMERICAN GAS ASSOCIATION



Buy War Bonds today—save for the Certified Performance Gas range of tomorrow.

GAS



*is vital to war production
... use it wisely!*

SPEAKING OF PICTURES . . .

. . . THESE ARE HOLLYWOOD'S MOST POPULAR PIN-UP GIRLS

The pin-up girl is one of the distinctive social phenomena of our time. The American male has so long accepted the cinema star as the ultimate in desirable womanhood that he has devel-

oped a curiously personal attitude toward her. He has no more hesitation about asking for her picture than he would in asking his best girl. For often these days, in bleak barracks and in distant

lands, the pin-up girl is the only girl that he has.

On these pages *LIFE* presents a gallery of six of Hollywood studios' most famous and most frequently requested (by actual count) pin-up girls.



Dorothy Lamour

MOST POPULAR PIN-UP GIRL AT PARAMOUNT IS DOROTHY LAMOUR. HER APPEAL IS NOT ENTIRELY IN HER LOOKS. FREQUENT BOND-SELLING TOURS AND CAMP APPEARANCES HELP



Alexis Smith

ARMY MEN SENT 7,400 REQUESTS FOR PICTURE OF WARNER'S TALL ALEXIS SMITH



Ann Sheridan

ANN SHERIDAN HAS GOTTEN MORE THAN 4,000 REQUESTS FROM SAILORS AND MARINES



Maureen O'Hara

THIS SHOT OF RKO'S MAUREEN O'HARA IS A PRIME EXAMPLE OF A FINE PIN-UP PICTURE. NOTE GLEAM HIGHLIGHT ON LOWER LIP AND THE STUDIED, LANGUOROUS POSITION

"Me—I'm one of the W-I-V-E-S!"



"YOU KNOW... the gals who stay at home and keep things going.

"Doesn't sound as exciting as the WAACS, or the WAVES—but it's every bit as important. It's our job to make everything we have *last longer*—and not to buy a single thing we don't really need.

"Take these lovely Cannon Percale Sheets I'm ironing. A year ago I didn't even *know* all the things you could do to make sheets last longer. Now—I not only know 'em... I practice 'em!

Washing:

"I never soak sheets overnight any more. 15 minutes before washing is plenty. I never use a bleach when I can hang sheets out in the good old sunshine. If I do use a bleach, I *follow directions*. And I always rinse twice after bleaching.

Hanging:

"I fold my sheets evenly, hem to hem, and hang them that way on the line... so they're easier to iron. And if the wind's blowing a regular gale, I don't hang sheets outside that day. Why punish 'em?

Ironing:

"The golden rule to remember is... don't let your iron get too hot. And never... *never* press sharp folds into your sheets. If you can remember to fold them a different way now and then... all to the good.

In use:

"Don't yank sheets off the bed. Take it easy... they'll last longer. Never use a pillowcase for a laundry bag. And equalize the wear on all your sheets. Don't use the same ones over and over again.

And when you must buy:

"If *your* sheets are down to their very last warp and woof, please remember this: smooth, sweet-sleeping Cannon Percales cost just about the same as heavy duty muslin. And they wear and *wear*. There are 25% more threads to the square inch in Cannon Percale than in the best muslin!

"What's more... you can save money on Cannon Percale. As much as \$3.25 a year for each bed at average pound laundry rates. And if you wash your own, you'll find Cannon Percale much lighter and easier to handle.

"Once again... I repeat... *don't buy sheets unless you have to!* If you do have to, choose a name you can trust for all the things you can't see for yourself in a sheet. That's why I buy Cannon. If you can't find the size you're looking for in Cannon Percale (and that may happen these wartime days!) ask to see Cannon's low-priced *muslin* sheets. Muslin or percale—I'm sure you'll be just as proud of your Cannon Sheets as you are of your Cannon Towels. And please, *please*—make them *last!*" Cannon Mills, Inc., New York, N. Y.



Cannon Percale Sheets

Made by the makers of Cannon Towels and Hosiery

SPEAKING OF PICTURES

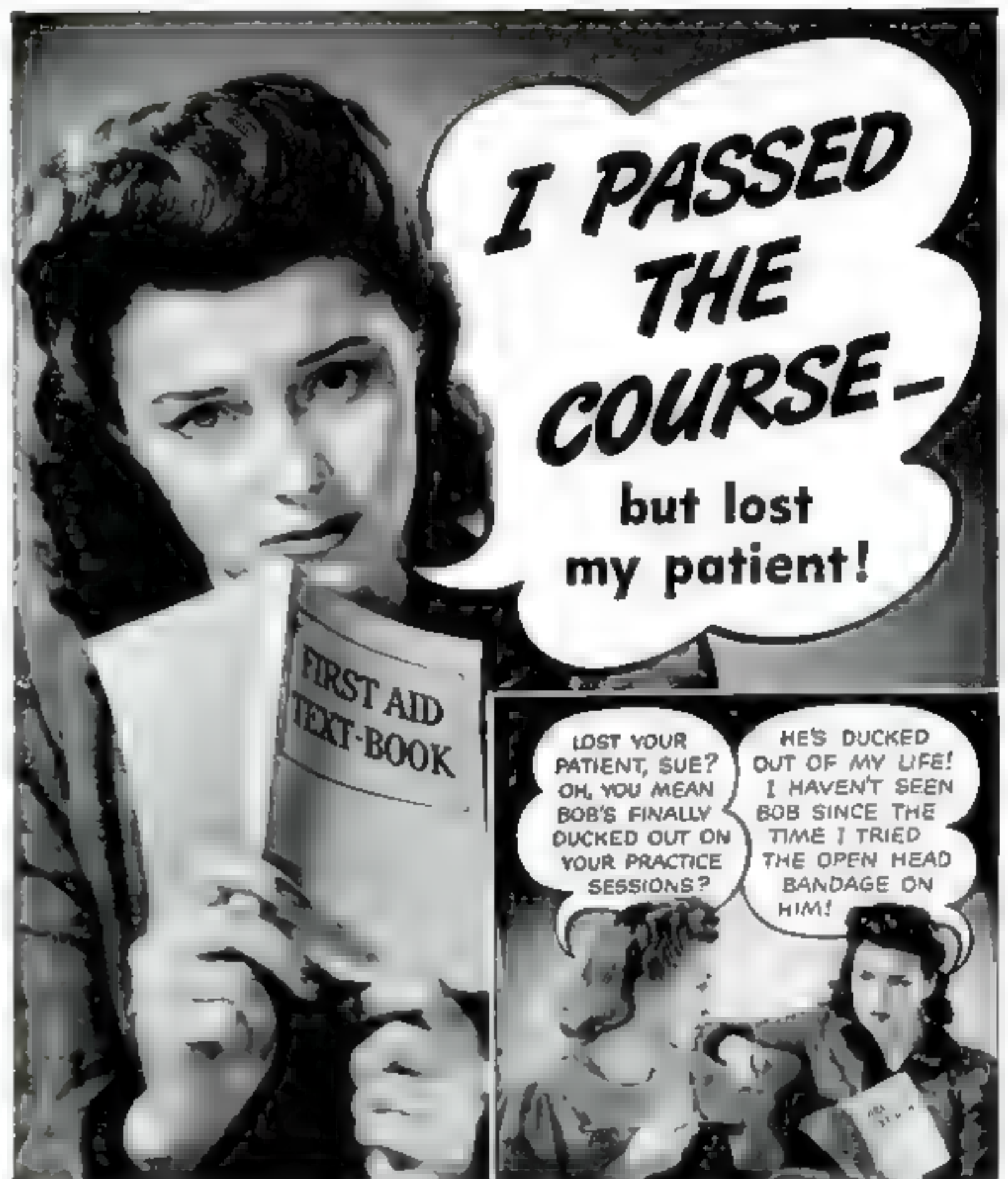
(continued)



LESSER-KNOWN STARLETS ARE FAVORITES TOO. THIS IS ANNE WYNNE



NEWCOMER JANIS CARTER IS QUEEN OF UNITED ARTISTS' PIN-UP GIRLS



LOST YOUR PATIENT, SUE? OH, YOU MEAN BOB'S FINALLY DUCKED OUT ON YOUR PRACTICE SESSIONS?

HE'S DUCKED OUT OF MY LIFE! I HAVEN'T SEEN BOB SINCE THE TIME I TRIED THE OPEN HEAD BANDAGE ON HIM!

COULD BE BOB THINKS YOU NEED SOME FIRST AID, SUE—SOME INSTRUCTION FROM YOUR DENTIST ON... ON BAD BREATH!

SUE'S DENTIST HELPS HER OUT!

TO GET RID OF BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES COLGATE'S STOPS ORAL BAD BREATH INSTANTLY!

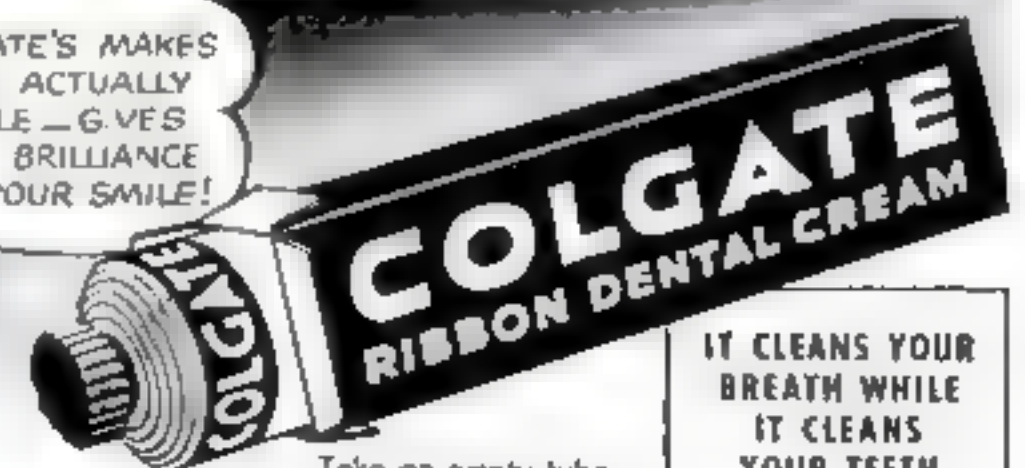
COLGATE'S ACTIVE PENETRATING FOAM GETS INTO THE HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH—HELPS CLEAN OUT DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES—STOP STAGNANT SALIVA ODORS—REMOVE THE CAUSE OF MUCH BAD BREATH

LATER... THANKS TO COLGATE DENTAL CREAM

I SEE YOUR PATIENT IS BACK FOR MORE PUNISHMENT, SUE!

IT ISN'T PUNISHMENT THESE DAYS! IT'S POSITIVELY A PLEASURE!

COLGATE'S MAKES TEETH ACTUALLY SPARKLE—GIVES TRUE BRILLIANCE TO YOUR SMILE!



IT CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH

Take an empty tube with you when you buy

Don't Put a Cold in Your Budget!



DURING THE "COLD" SEASON
I HIDE MY HANKIES,
PRAISE THE THOUGHT
AND PASS THE
KLEENEX TISSUES.
IT'S EASY ON HUBBY'S
NOSE ... EASY ON MY
LAUNDRY BUDGET!

(From a letter by
V. P. B., Newark, N. J.)

WIN \$25.00
(MATURITY VALUE)
WAR SAVINGS BOND
FOR EACH STATEMENT WE PUBLISH
WRITE NOW THE USE OF
KLEENEX TISSUES SAVES YOU MONEY
AND HELPS WIN THE WAR
ADDRESS—KLEENEX
610 N. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO



No Strain on Me!

SAVING GREASE FOR UNCLE SAM
IS MIGHTY IMPORTANT AND
MIGHTY EASY TOO WHEN YOU
STRAIN IT THRU **KLEENEX!**

(from a letter by D. M., Kansas City, Mo.)

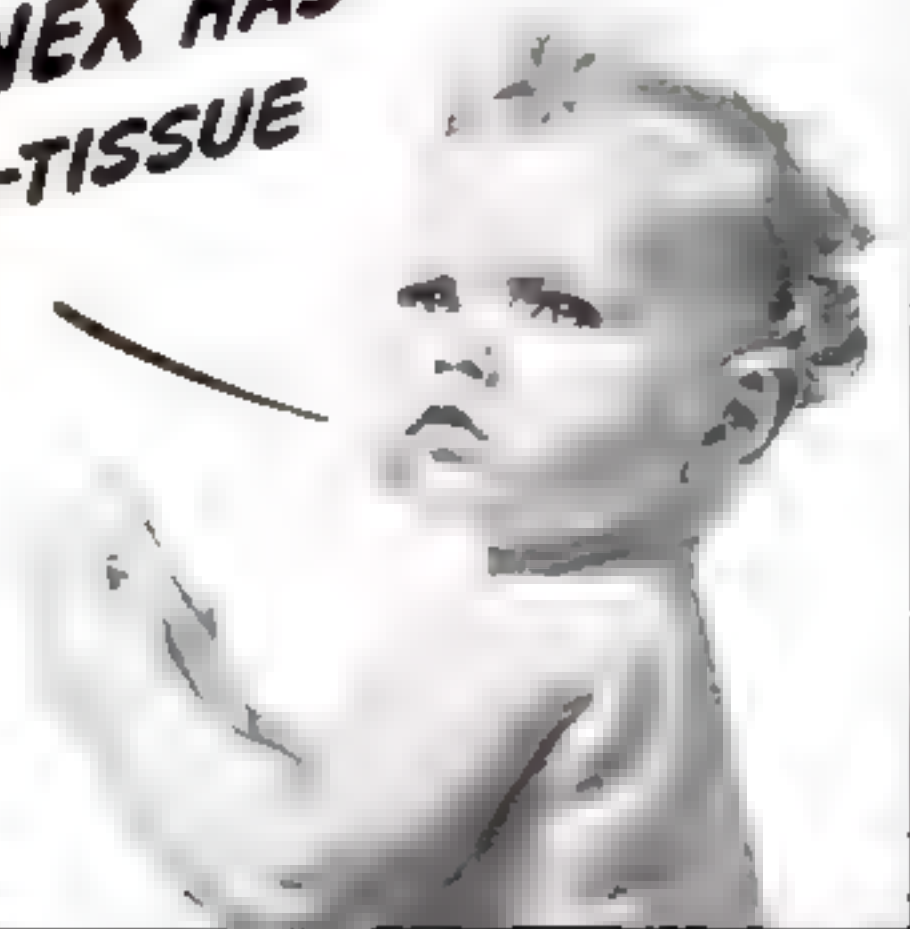


War Blonde!

NEATNESS IS A WAAG ESSENTIAL.
SO, I CARRY FOLDED **KLEENEX**
TISSUES IN MY UNIFORM POCKET
TO WIPE OFF SHOES AFTER
MARCHING... TO SAVE HANKIES!

(from a letter by H. H., 5th Co., 1st Reg.
Fort Des Moines, Ia.)

**DON'T ARGUE—
ONLY KLEENEX* HAS
THE SERV-A-TISSUE
BOX!**



SAVES TISSUES—SAVES MONEY
BECAUSE IT SERVES UP **JUST ONE**
DOUBLE TISSUE AT A TIME

(©T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

LIFE'S COVER



This picture of England's Princess Elizabeth is the favorite of the Grenadier Guards, of which she is colonel. On her hat she wears the Grenadiers' gold grenade insignia and on her lapel the regiment's gift to her, a diamond regimental badge. For another picture of her, see page 57.

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†Prisoner of war

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The whisky with a
background of tra-
ditional enjoyment.



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SINCE 1824

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Neutral Spirits.
86.8 Proof.

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The purpose of bicycle rationing is not merely to save critical materials but to conserve vital transport time pressures for those who depend on it. If your work is important, you are entitled to a bicycle. AOB (see your booklet) or local rationing board. If you can't find a new bicycle buy War Bonds—then you can buy a new Columbia after victory!

Columbia
SINCE 1877
"AMERICA'S FIRST"
BICYCLE



THE SUN
NEVER SETS
ON THE
FIGHTING JEEP

замечательно

ASK any Russian fighter what *he* thinks of the amazing Jeep. In one explosive word he bellows, ZAMECHATELNO!* And that, in modern American lingo, means no less than SWELL! COLOSSAL! TERRIFIC!!!

Cold that congeals blood and oil. Snow that smothers with its clammy "hug of death." Deep, gluey mud that grips and strangles. These are

the terrors of Russia that have been a nightmare to Hitler's finest motorized equipment. But the tough "Hell Bent for Victory" Jeep, driven by its world-famous Willys "Go Devil" Engine, flirts its tail and defiantly roars on through.

We are proud of the Willys-Overland engineers who assisted the U. S. Quartermaster Corps in designing the Jeep. And it is to their credit that

the Willys-designed "Go Devil" Engine drives all Jeeps being built for the U. S. Army and our Allies.

If you qualify for the purchase of a new car, BUY a new 1942 Willys American. Lowest purchase price! Up to 35 miles per gallon! Up to 40,000 miles on tires! See your Willys dealer today. He has new Willys Americans for immediate delivery and will gladly help you with your application to the Rationing Board.

WILLYS-OVERLAND MOTORS, INC.

*Pronounced ZA-ME-CHAY-TEL-NO

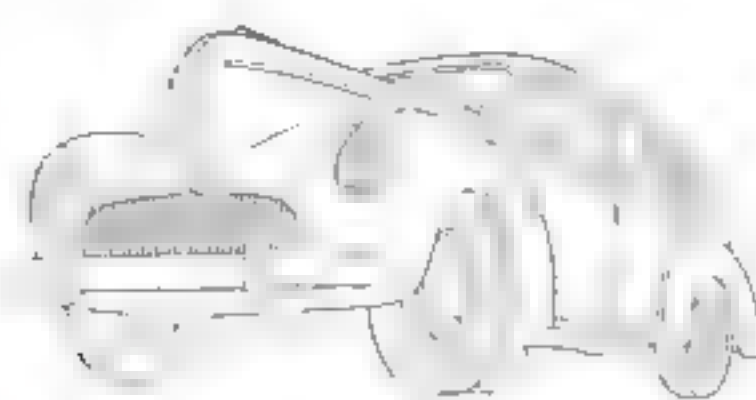


U. S. ARMY JEEP

WILLYS

MOTOR CARS

TRUCKS AND JEEPS



AMERICAN—the People's Car

THE GO-DEVIL ENGINE—power-heart of WILLYS CARS and all JEEPS



A HIGH HONOR FOR YOUR DAUGHTER

THE NAZIS look upon us as a degenerate nation. But they have a great respect for our accomplishments. And, if they win, they may decide that we have something in our blood which they can use in building their master race.

For they're great believers in eugenics, these Nazis. They're strong for selective breeding.

You they may cast aside and put to some ignominious task, such as scrubbing the sidewalks or sweeping the streets. But your daughter...well, if she's young and healthy and strong, a Gauleiter with an eye for beauty may decide she is a perfect specimen for one of their experimental camps.

A high honor for your daughter...

Does this seem a story spun in the realm of fantasy? It isn't. It is now happening, all through

Europe. The latest experiment of the victorious Nazis has been to ship Austrian and Hungarian girls to the Northern countries. The result of these unions...unblessed, of course, by matrimony... will not be known for some time. But the Nazis, you must admit, are not above innovation.

Two, three, four, five years from now they may ship American girls to some far corner of the earth... may select your daughter...if you relax, if you fail to do your part now. If you say, hopefully, "It can't happen here. We can't lose."

No, we can't lose. We can't afford to. We must not. Else all the terrors, all the degradation, all the misery and suffering that have been loosed upon Europe will be loosed upon us. We of all people will not escape it. We shall be the chosen...we

shall be the elect...in the Nazi scheme of things.

We who have only just begun to win. We who risk the danger of resting on our new-won laurels and considering the job done.

This is no time to relax. This is the time...the opportune time...to do all we can to get this war over sooner.

We *must* measure up to the job!

AMERICAN LOCOMOTIVE

30 CHURCH ST., NEW YORK, N. Y. • MANUFACTURERS
OF TANKS • GUN CARRIAGES • ARMY AND NAVY
ORDNANCE • STEAM AND DIESEL LOCOMOTIVES

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Don't waste PEPSODENT

It takes only a little to make your smile brighter

• Nearly one-fourth of the Pepsodent we make goes to men in uniform . . . they want it . . . they deserve it.

• At the same time, we are trying to supply the biggest number of civilian customers in Pepsodent history.

• But, wartime restrictions limit the amount of Pepsodent we can make.

• So . . . we urge you: Don't waste Pepsodent. Use it sparingly. If you will help save enough for others . . . there will be enough for you.



Lucky for all...

denial science knows no more effective, safe ingredients than those which make up Pepsodent's patented formula. That's why Pepsodent is so good, so effective, so safe that only a little is needed to make teeth brighter, make smiles more sparkling.



1. **MOISTEN** your brush before applying paste. If you apply Pepsodent before wetting brush, it may wash down the drain. Finish brushing before rinsing brush.

2. **MEASURE** out only as much paste as you need. About three-quarters of an inch is enough. Always squeeze and roll tube evenly from the bottom. Replace cap.



3. **FOUR** Pepsodent Powder into the cupped palm of your hand—enough powder to cover a 3¢ piece is plenty. *Do not* sprinkle it on the brush—this is wasteful.

4. **SHOW** children how to dab—not rub—moist brush in powder to pick it up. Measure out the right amount for small children and teach them the proper way to brush teeth.



5. **HANG** your tooth brush up to dry after you use it. Bristles will stay firmer and last longer this way. Soggy, worn, wilted tooth brushes are inefficient, wasteful.

6. **YOUR DRUGGIST** is trying his best to serve everyone. Don't blame him if his Pepsodent stock is low and he has to disappoint you. Try again in a few days.

LIFE'S PICTURES

LIFE Photographer Bernard Hoffman, here poised on cross arm of a telegraph pole, betrays no symptoms of vertigo. The reason: the pole is a stub not more than 3 ft. high, and the cross arm is used to demonstrate wire stringing and splicing, one of the many communications crafts taught to soldiers at the Central Signal Corps Training Center, Camp Crowder, Mo. For Hoffman's Photographic Essay on the Signal Corps, taken at Crowder, see pp. 74-85

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ABBREVIATIONS: CEN., CENTER; T., TOP; A. P., ASSOCIATED PRESS, H. R. E., HARRIS & EWING; W. W., WIDE WORLD

"Bill would have
wanted me
to write"

Dear Mr. _____,

Bill would have wanted me to write you this letter.

He was the one who first recognized the truth of your statement—"The future belongs to those who prepare for it." To me, I must confess, other things seemed more important—then

Today I am so *grateful* that you persuaded Bill to say "yes" to life insurance!

Your friendly interest and your perseverance—these alone, I am sure, have made it possible for our children to make the most of the happy future Bill and I always planned for them . . .



THE FUTURE BELONGS
TO THOSE WHO
PREPARE FOR IT

6 ENTRIES
FROM A
CONFIDENTIAL
NOTEBOOK

NOV. 23—Called on W. H. Allison, lawyer, 32. Has young son and daughter. "Not interested in insurance."

MAY 30—Saw W. H. Allison. Outlined Family Income Policy for protection of wife and children. Wife doesn't want him to buy life insurance.



JULY 7—Saw Allisons at their home. Presented plan providing that, if Mr. A died, Mrs. A would receive \$150 monthly until children are grown, then \$50 a month for life. But Mrs. A still seems to be more interested in furnishing their new home.



AUG. 4—Called again at Allison home. After further discussion, I brought plan as outlined last month. Well pleased that family is protected.

APRIL 8—Heard Bill Allison was in hospital pneumonia. Stopped to cheer him up, but too late to be seen.



MAY 14—Yesterday took Grace Allison first of her lifetime monthly income checks from Bill's insurance. Received a very thankful letter from her today. Especially satisfied with this case, because of time and effort required to place this family under protection.

The

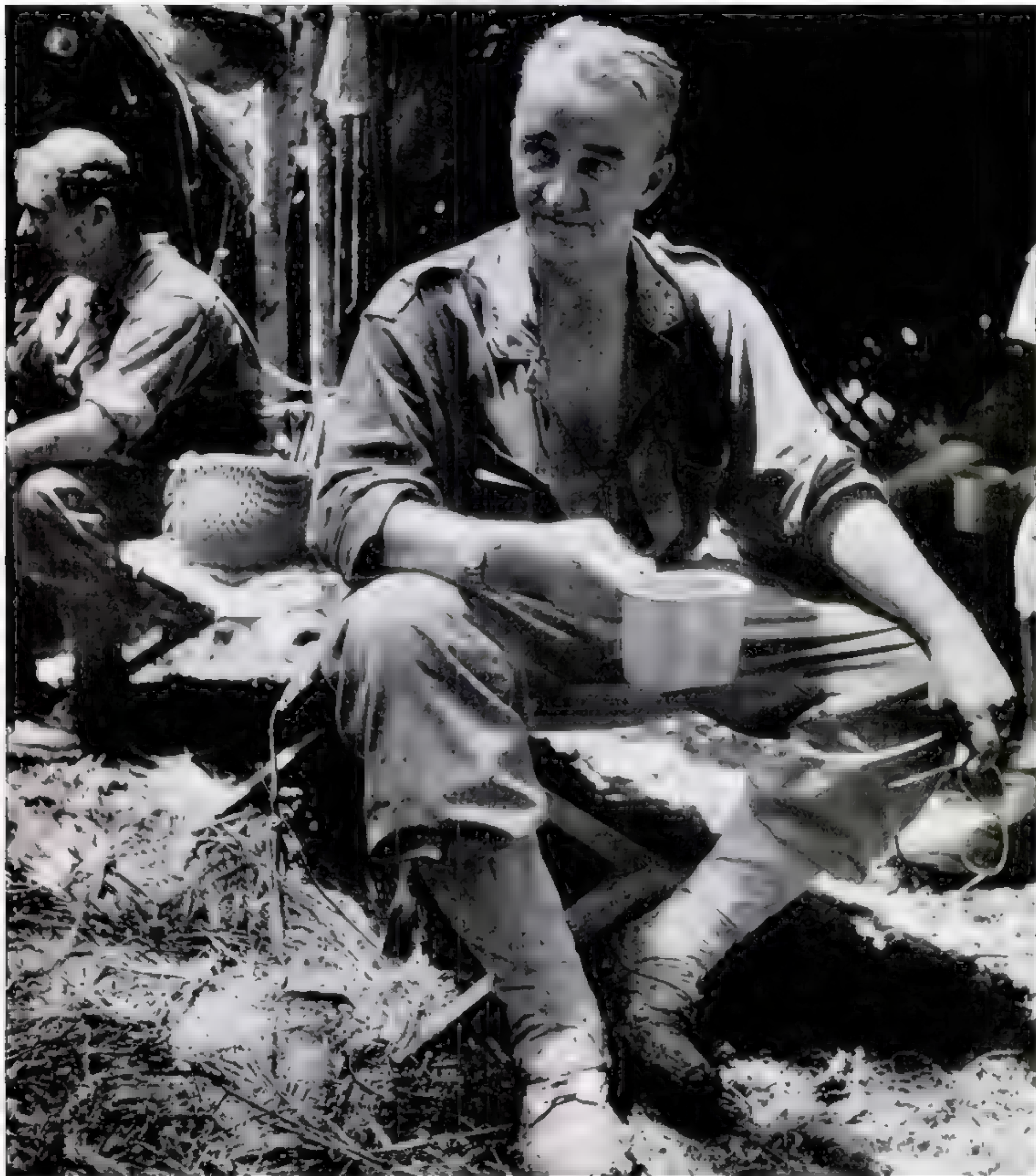


PRUDENTIAL

INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA

HOME OFFICE: NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

AS A SERVICE to the government and to you, Prudential representatives sell War Savings Stamps. Buy some today!



AT A MEDICAL COLLECTING STATION GEN. EICHELBERGER STOPS FOR TEA. SOON HE WAS ON HIS WAY AGAIN, WALKING TOWARD THE BUNA FRONT THROUGH MUD TO HIS KNEES

THE BATTLE OF BUNA

Photographs for LIFE by George Strock

Buna Mission fell on Jan. 2. Three weeks later all organized Jap resistance on the Papuan peninsula of New Guinea ended with the destruction of the last Japs on Sanananda Point. Americans and Australians were then free to move west and north.

Thus ended a campaign small in Pacific strategy but unsurpassed in merciless intensity of fighting. In their retreat to the sea the Japs chose their positions well. Behind pillboxes, in trees, in trenches underground, they barricaded themselves for a

final fight. They had to be dug out, one by one, at the point of a bayonet. They had to be killed, one by one, because they would not surrender.

With the American troops under the command of Lieut. General Robert L. Eichelberger (*above*) in the attacks on Buna Village and Buna Mission was LIFE Staff Photographer George Strock. His pictures of the campaign, made under fire, reveal better than any previous sets of pictures the heroism and the horror of this strange jungle war.



General Eichelberger looks over Jap positions in Buna Village, not over 200 yd. from where he stands. Light palm trees, showing between the branches of this tree, mark the Village's location. Before going to New Guinea, General Eichelberger was superintendent of West Point.



From a sandbagged gun position the general looks out over Buna Mission. Never blue-throated, the general is weathered and grim. Japs killed over the place he would say: "Who? 100 Japs killed? Is that so?" Below him are some of the Japs.



GENERAL EICHELBERGER AND HIS MEN

"I may not be a good general but I think I've got the makings of a good platoon leader," said Lieut. General Robert L. Eichelberger, commander of U. S. troops in New Guinea. He was always near the front. In fact, his aide, Major Edwards, was shot trying to stay between him and the Japs.

On his inspection trips to the front, the general's most pressing concern was for his men. Whenever he passed a group of them, he asked how the war was going, and did they mind it, and were they getting enough food. Whenever he was riding a jeep, he always loaded it full of soldiers, giving everybody a lift. He also passed out cigarets to the men, even though he himself does not smoke.

One day, on an inspection trip, he went down near the beach to a trench overlooking Jap positions in Buna Village. "I think I see a Jap up in one of those trees. Get me a tommy gun," he said. Somebody handed him a tommy gun and somebody else said, "Don't shoot. You'll draw fire." The general looked scornful. "This is a hell of a war," he answered, "if you can't shoot the enemy. Suppose I do draw fire. Then we'll know where they are." With that, he sprayed the trees with bullets.

Such a general was bound to stimulate his men. To the right are shown some of the American soldiers of this campaign. In the big picture are the hard-working members of the platoon of Corporal Gordon Eoff, who describes a narrow escape by saying, "The bullets were coming kind of close—about two or three inches from my head." Below center is Sergeant (later Captain) Herman Botteher who led the outfit which first cut a corridor between the Japs in Buna Village and Buna Mission.

Most of these men, together with their equipment, had not been forced to plod over the rugged Owen Stanley Mountains in order to get their crack at Japs. Instead they had been flown in by air. As part of the first American offensive ever to be supplied entirely by plane, they were a part, too, of a South Pacific aerial strategy, practiced now by both General MacArthur and Admiral Halsey, and executed by such men as Lieut. General George Kenney, commander of the Fifth U. S. Air Force, of first securing control of the skies, then striking hard and fast and using the air, if advisable, to maintain and speed the offensive.

To show more of the Battle of Buna and to tell more of the part played by Americans, LIFE intends next week to print more of Stroock's pictures.



The general gives cigarets to a dripping soldier taking a bath in a swamp creek. These cigarets were his own personal issue. In the beginning of the campaign they were especially scarce.



An American reconnaissance patrol—left—poses for its picture just after executing a Japanese runner. On patrol one day

they located and destroyed Jap pillboxes. Once a Jap machine gunner within 10 ft. of them opened fire. Another time

two hand grenades went off within 3 ft. of them but for reason is exploded, got from soil ground but from mud and water.



A soldier and his home near Buna Village, right on the front line. At night he sleeps in the trench, in water up to his neck.



Sergeant Herman Bottcher cut off Buna Village from Buna Mission. German born, all he wants is full U. S. citizenship.



In a captured Jap intercommunication trench, soldiers rest and clean their guns. Sniping is going on right above them.

BATTLE OF BUNA (continued)



Buna Mission, after the battle, is a desolate area of blasted trees and leafless shrubs. Before the outbreak

of war it was a pleasant little settlement with native huts, warehouses, a general store and the home of the district officer

of the Papuan territorial command. For the Japanese, it formed a natural defensive position, lying at the junction



In a slit trench on Buna Mission lie three brave Japs who preferred death to escape or surrender. The hot Buna mud has already partially covered their bodies. In the final attack on

the Mission, more than 150 Japs were killed. In the entire Papuan campaign 15,000 Japs were killed or surrendered. A few are still wandering homeless and hungry in the jungles



A bullet-ridden frame is all that is left of this corrugated iron house in Buna Mission. The final assault was preceded by one of the heaviest artillery bombardments ever seen in the Pacific



ter. To improve it they built pillboxes every few feet and developed powerful lines of machine-gun fire. When a

Japanese were forced to retreat or die, some of them took to the sea in rafts and launches, making apparently for Saian-

anda Point. But allied planes and guns effectively prevented their getaway. The rest, who did not flee, died at their guns.



war. At mid-afternoon Jan. 2, the American troops occupied the area and General Robert Eichelberger and his staff crossed over on the little bridge from Entrance Creek Island



Americans bathe in muddy shell holes almost as soon as the firing stops. Others washed their clothes in the sea or curled up in exhausted sleep under the shell-shattered palm trees. A

few, however, still had to pursue Japanese snipers into the jungle. At night these snipers prowled through the American lines, not seeking somebody to kill, but something to eat.



A WOUNDED JAP LIES IN A DESTROYED PILLBOX AT BUNA MISSION. A MINUTE LATER, HE ROSE UP, TRIED TO THROW A GRENADE WHICH HE HAD HIDDEN IN HIS LEFT HAND

HAND-TO-HAND FIGHTS MARK BATTLE'S END

The Battle of Buna was the most primitive of battles—a fight between man and his enemy. Always it was fought at close range. Sometimes it was hand-to-hand. In the dark, live Americans bumped into live Japs. In the daylight dead Americans lay along side dead Japs.

The two pictures here show the fierceness of the struggle. The Jap above looks dead but he is not. Strock photographed him while patrolling along with two American officers ahead of the clear-up squad, whose job it was to break up pillboxes and make sure all Japs were out of commission. A mo-



AN AMERICAN SOLDIER STANDS OVER A DYING JAP WHOM HE HAS JUST BEEN FORCED TO SHOOT. THE JAP HAD BEEN HIDING IN THE LANDING BARGE, SHOOTING AT U. S. TROOPS

ment after Strock made the picture and while his back was turned, the Jap lifted himself up. In his hand was a grenade. Strock heard a sudden burst of firing and wheeled around. One of the officers had put a bullet through the Jap's head. "The bastard was sitting up and blinking his eyes at me," said the officer.

The picture on this page was taken on the day after Buna Mission fell. When the Americans moved in to Buna, three or four Japs took refuge in an old Jap landing barge grounded some time ago on the beach. They stayed in there overnight and the next morning, when the Americans were busy cleaning up the beach, the

Japs began taking pot shots. The Americans were forced to rout them out with hand grenades. The Japs burst out but collapsed on the beach. At this moment the American's pistol is still hot but the Jap will not live much longer. The Americans would have preferred to take them prisoners, but the Japs were not willing.

BATTLE OF BUKA



Dropping to his knees and raising his rifle, a soldier advances slowly toward an abandoned Jap hospital. This pos-

ture, made under fire, was taken on captured Japanese tank which struck fund and used when his own tank got wrecked.

Company command post in forward line asks over the phone for artillery fire. This CP consists of nothing but a telephone and some boxes in the ground. It can be moved fast.



A camouflaged Jap machine-gun nest on left flank of Buka Village. Machine gunners kept going after our landing force.

Bringing men back from the front by "Chicago method." Boys and girls in the village protect wounded Sgt. Butler in his room. He was seriously injured by his own side.





the picture, Stock stuck his camera out from shelter. Both before and after it was taken, the machine gun killed Americans.



An American and the Jap he killed. Pfc Wally Wakeman says: "I was walking down the trail when I saw two fellows

talking. They grinned and I grinned. One pulled a gun. I pulled none. I killed him. It was just like in the movies."

Warm food is cooked over a small stove. But this could be done only when under cover, away from the front. While fighting, the soldiers ate cold C and D rations, washed down by chlorinated water.



Over Jap-built bridge walk Americans on patrol. It connects Entrance Creek Island with Burma Mission and one end of it was once blown up by Japs. Americans repaired it.





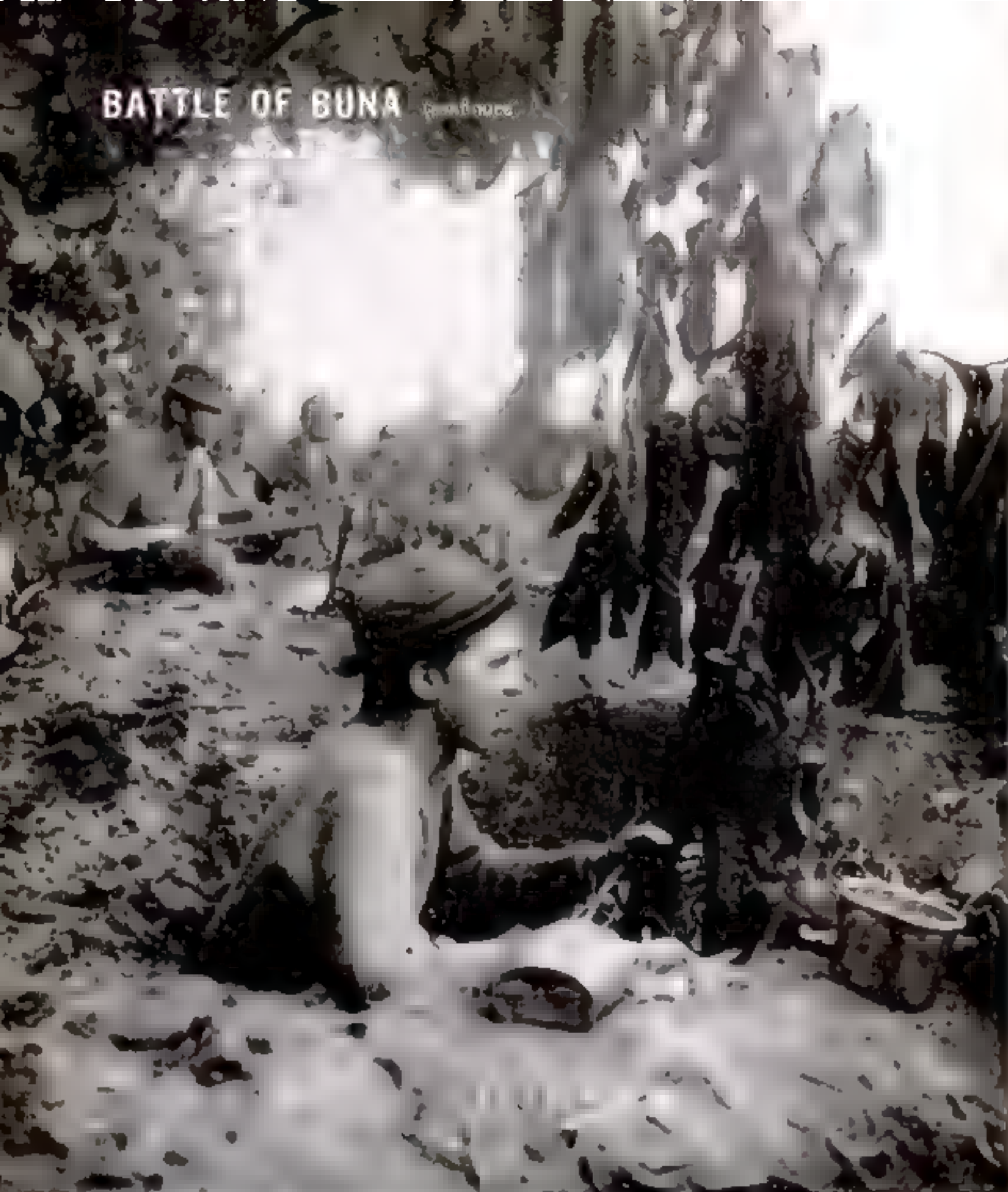
THIS IS "MAGGOT BEACH"

In peaceful times a pleasant little beach ran along the New Guinea shore from Buna Mission to Gurepa Point. The waves lapped gently on its sand. But when the last Japs were routed from their last positions at Buna Mission, they rushed here long



into the sea, attempting to swim to safety—or, at least, to avoid capture. For all, it was a futile gesture. Some drowned. Some were shot to death. Most of their bodies rolled back eventually to the beach, there bumping, grounding and floating again

with the swells, while maggots devoured them. Over all hung the stench of death. Meanwhile Americans near the beach went about the normal business of the aftermath of battle—drying clothes, sleeping—oblivious of the bones on “Maggot Beach.”



On Botcher's Corner men dig into foxholes to support machine-gun positions directly ahead of them. From the end of the corridor carved out by Botcher's men between Buna Village and Buna Mission, they are facing the Mission. A minute later one of these men was wounded.



At church service soldiers who have just captured Buna Village look straight ahead or bow their heads in prayer. Said Captain Boice, their commander: "This is not the first time Americans have carried guns to church and it will not be the last." Later Captain Boice was killed.



A few hundred yards behind the lines U. S. soldiers flop in exhaustion, trying to sleep and dry their clothes as best they can. Because of the New Guinea rain and high humidity, this is difficult. The crosses at right mark American graves near Buna, not far from the Mission. The glove

was accidentally left on a cross by the graves registration soldier, who handles the bodies and registers deaths. The chaplain sees that all soldiers, Protestant, Catholic or Jewish, get funeral services. To Strook the glove symbolizes a hand and arm reaching out of the grave to heaven.

A LINE OF CRUDE CROSSES MARKS AMERICAN
GRAVES NEAR BUNA. A GRAVE REGISTRAR'S
GLOVE ACCIDENTALLY POINTS TOWARD THE SKY



THE TIME IS NOW

ARE WE WINNING THE WAR—OR ARE WE LOSING IT?

The editors of LIFE present herewith their summary of a very critical situation

This war is not a simple matter. Everybody knows that. And yet to judge from the way many people talk about the war, it sounds very simple. "What'll you bet Hitler gets licked this year? Even money? Two to one?" Just as simple as that.

Only as a matter of fact, most people don't talk about the war very much. They talk about fuel oil or the meat situation or the Flynn case (cases). They also talk about battles and heroes—how the Russians are giving them hell and what a brave guy Eddie Rickenbacker is. But there's not really a great deal of talk about the war. It's not so simple. And there's so much we just don't know.

Now the editors of LIFE—like most news editors and correspondents—work very hard to find out what's what and then to make it as plain as possible. Editors don't like to be confused any more than anybody else does. When we are, which is more often than we like to admit, we try not to confuse our readers by our own confusion. So the newspapers and LIFE try to make everything as simple as possible. But this doesn't prevent the people from being confused. Of course it doesn't. Because, of course, if something just plain isn't simple, Associated Press dispatches won't make it so—nor homey editorials either. Nor fireside chats. Nor silence.

LIFE has no apology to make for the great volume of material about the war which it has given to its readers—nor for the editorial comments by which we have sought to point up the various issues and problems, great and small. But this article will attempt to balance up the accounts, as of this date, by a candid effort to summarize what is not clear in the war situation.

We start with the basic question: are we going to win the war? "What?" you say. "Is there any doubt about that?" Probably 90% of the people—or even 95%—haven't the slightest doubt about that. But how did they get so sure about such a big fact? From their leaders, of course—and from the news they read and hear. Besides, it isn't patriotic to think anything else. If the British had been able to imagine defeat—in 1940—they might have been defeated. But there was something else that the British did imagine. They were brave enough to imagine their destruction—literally dying in their homes before surrendering. So for them it was Victory or—death. That was the measure of the courage that stood at the pass of civilization.

The Chinese, many of them, at the beginning of this war, actually thought they had no chance of victory—at least in their lifetimes. But, fighting on, they rose to ever more magnificent heights. They chose almost certain death rather than more appeasement, concession and compromise.

But it's different for us Americans. The threat to our homes and shores, however great

it may have been, is now indefinitely postponed. Beyond any reasonable doubt, Admiral Yamamoto will not dictate peace in the White House—neither he nor any other foreigner. So the alternatives before us are not Victory or total defeat. The alternatives before us are something else. What are they?

If we editors are partly responsible for the general belief that we are certainly going to win the war, it is time for us to correct the testimony so that opinions will not be based on any misunderstandings.

Are we going to win the war? So far as we can see the answer is—maybe yes and maybe no. And what we'll try to do here is to define the two maybes.

Maybe Yes

The "maybe yes" is the simpler half. In one sense, there's no maybe at all. In one sense the war has been won—because, as we said above, the threat of this country's being overrun by our enemies is indefinitely postponed—(at any rate, so far as military probabilities are concerned).

But will we achieve the total destruction of the military power of our enemies? Maybe yes. And this picture is easily outlined. This is the picture which is pretty much in your mind and in all our minds. It runs, of course, like this: Germany has passed the peak of her power. Russia, having withstood the German onslaught, has now hurled Germany back on the defensive. Meanwhile, we figure, American power has been at last mobilized on a gigantic scale. The terrific bombing of Germany plus continued land and sea attacks from all sides plus internal exhaustion will bring Germany to her knees—perhaps this year, certainly next. At the same time, Japan is losing power, and once Germany is knocked out, Japan will quickly buckle up under full allied assault. The gigantic Allied forces to achieve this result are already in motion. It is almost beyond human power to stay their course.

Something like that is the pattern of inevitable victory which many Americans have in their minds. Now if the "inevitable" happens—that's all. That's what most Americans think is going to happen so far as the war is concerned—and most of us think that the only "problems" are "post-war" problems—which are, of course, very complicated but don't have to be attended to just yet.

But suppose the "inevitable" doesn't happen. Or, how might the "inevitable" not happen? Maybe we'd better take a look at—

Maybe No

The "maybe no" about winning this war is a whole lot harder to state than the "maybe or certainly yes." In a way, that's fine. If

it's so much easier to see how we are going to win the war than how we are not going to win it—that may be a kind of proof that we are going to win it. There is a kind of good rough common sense in believing that what can't be put clearly probably ain't so. But then, of course, there is the Einstein theory. The point about the Einstein theory is that it is clear to people who understand higher mathematics.

Well, the problems of humanity are probably a lot more difficult than mathematics—and we certainly don't pretend to have any Einsteinian grasp of them. But since the human situation is of desperate concern to us, it is some sort of duty to try to state the truth about what is by no means clear.

In trying to get at the truth, let us put down the chief factors which may develop to prevent us from winning the war. Some of the chief factors are.

1. The Nazi submarines may make it impossible for us to launch a big-scale offensive on Nazi Europe this year.

2. The failure to retake Burma this year may result in the final exhaustion of China and the elimination of China as an effective ally against Japan.

3. The Russo-German front may at some point develop into a stalemate.

4. The longer the war goes on, the greater becomes the danger of disagreement among the Allies. (The Allies, of course, are bound together by many agreements. But these are, almost without exception, agreements of military expediency. Even at this late date there is no real program binding them in a basic and enduring unity.)

These are some of the factors which may prevent us from achieving victory. To get a realistic sense of what these factors mean, let us try to weave them into a moving picture of events. Remember: we are not predicting; we are simply trying to get a clear picture of what we may be up against.

The picture, then, of how we may lose the war runs something like this:

Hitler sees he has failed to win the mastery of Europe in this round of war. So he goes on the defensive. Russia pushes the Nazis out of Russia—or out of most of it. Then Russia stops offensive warfare on the Russo-German front. And for the following very good reasons:

1. The war has been an exhausting ordeal for Russia as well as for Germany.

2. Russia is far from collapse—but so is Germany. (And the Russian food problem is acute.)

3. For Russia to drive straight on to Berlin would be terribly costly—in lives as well as in materials. (As Russia drives the Germans out, her supply lines lengthen, she runs into areas devastated by Germany, etc.; i.e., all the factors militating against Germany

CONTINUED ON PAGE 21

LOOK BETTY —
CAMPBELL'S SOUPS ARE
NEW AND IMPROVED!

I KNOW... YOU SHOULD TASTE
HOW GOOD THEY ARE!
MY FAMILY ASK FOR THEM
MORE OFTEN NOW

Richer, More Nourishing Soups for a Nation at War!

In grocery stores, in kitchens, wherever women chat about their family meal plans these days, the talk turns to the new, improved Campbell's Soups. There's ready and eager praise for them. Women have found the stepped-up nourishment and food value of these soups a bigger help than ever in their plans for wartime meals.

Each Campbell's Soup is today made to a new and improved recipe, in order to conform with the Government's wartime requirements calling for soups of greater nourishment. More of the good ingredients now go into the making of each soup. More of the fine meats and the plump, Government-inspected chickens. More of

the luscious, garden grown vegetables. Because of this, you get more fortifying nourishment in each plateful, and deep delicious flavor in each spoonful.

Let the new, improved Campbell's Soups help you with your wartime meal plans. They're identified by a marker on the label reading "NEW AND IMPROVED RECIPE"

MORE CHICKEN IN THIS SAVORY SOUP OF THE SOUTH!

And more fine vegetables, too! It's an excitingly different chicken soup, thick with tomato, rice and young okra slices — deftly seasoned with savory herbs. Rich and delicious, and now — a truly nourishing for these strenuous times.

Campbell's CHICKEN GUMBO

A NEW RICHNESS IN THIS FAVORITE SOUP!

Dietitians say "Tomatoes for health!" And here is the garden goodness of sun-ripened tomatoes blended with fine table butter — stepped up now to new richness for extra nourishment.

Campbell's TOMATO SOUP

MORE HEARTY NOURISHMENT IN THIS RUGGED MEATY SOUP

A sturdier-than-ever meat stock, more vegetables and more tender pieces of meat make this a perfect answer to busy-day meal problems. A dish of bonny Scotland for active America!

Campbell's SCOTCH BROTH

My family say
I'm a hero
I'm a hero
Just take a look!

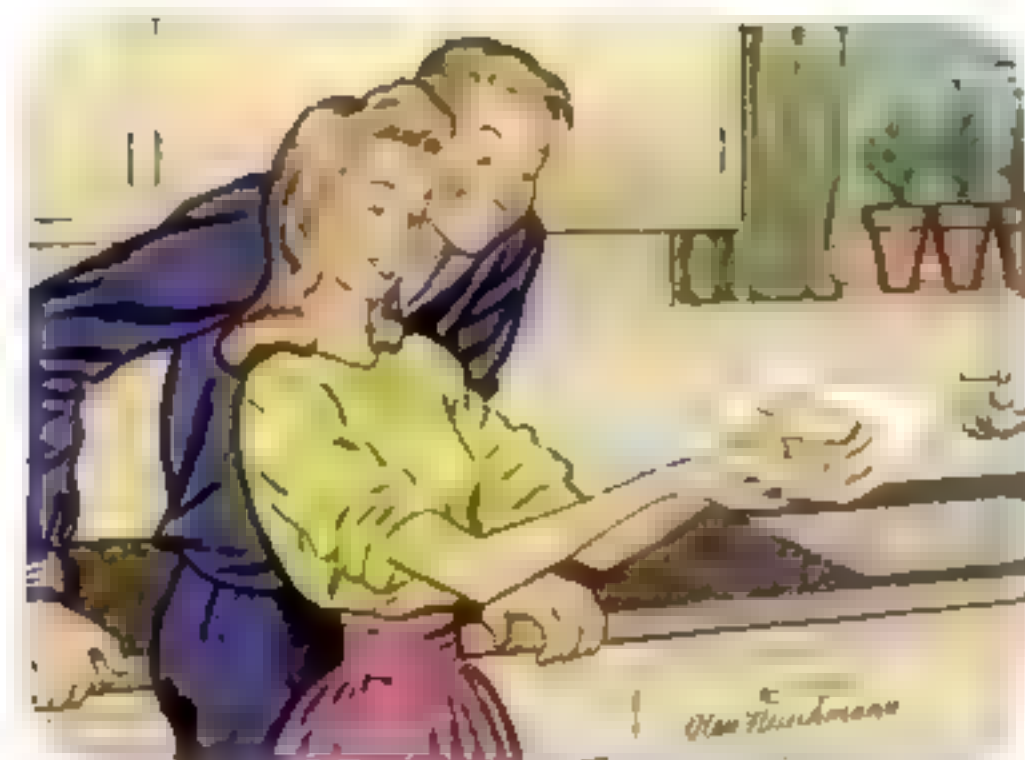


Today! Right now! In February! Country-Style Frying Chickens!

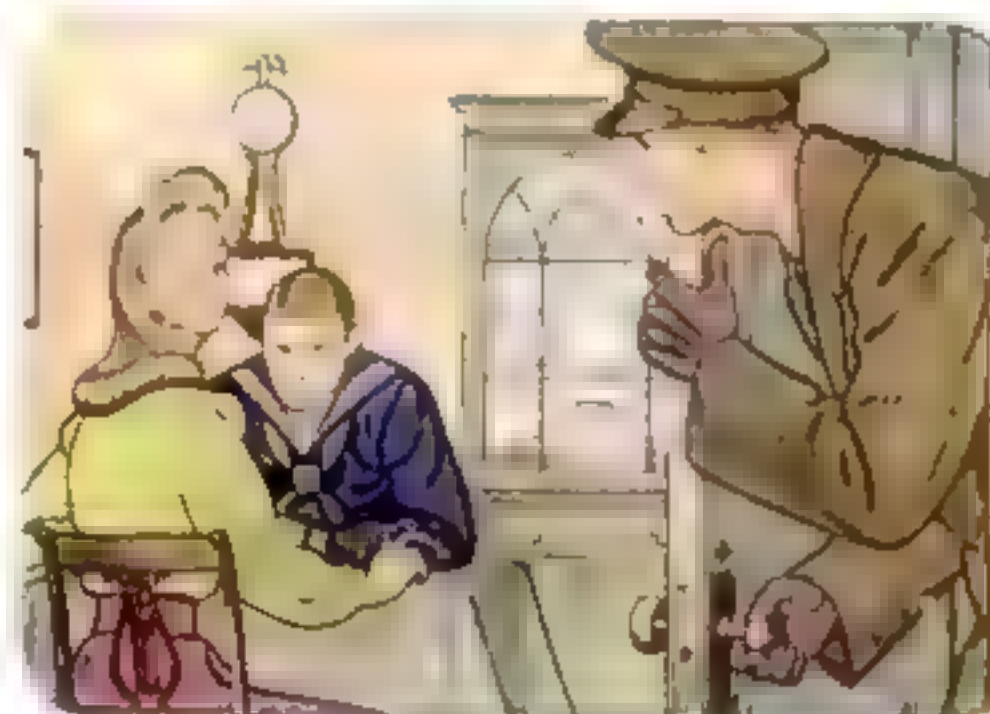


1. In these days of meat shortages, ma'am, here's a wonderful way to bring *variety* into your meals! And these *top-of-Grade-A* Birds Eye Frying Chickens are the most *flavorful* young strutters you ever tasted—or **MONEY BACK!**

2. In fact, you just *can't* get tender, dumpling-plump young Fryers like these elsewhere—this time o' year! And their *convenience* is a blessing to busy women, for they're *ready to cook!* No *fuss*, No *mess!* They save you *hours* for War Work!



3. Tender grains give this *finest* of Government-inspected chickens that mouth-watering, long-remembered *flavor*—PLUS 10% more white meat! Right at their tenderest best, *Quick-freezing* captures ALL their succulent, country-fresh goodness!



4. *Quick-freezing* holds it! And there's *no waste!* (That's important today.) For, remember: A 2-lb. Birds Eye Fryer equals a 3-lb. *undrawn* Chicken! Birds Eye Fryers come *tweezed clean* of pinfeathers . . . *drawn* . . . cut up for frying! Just **TRY** one!



WHENEVER you get to sighing over the kind of delicious Chickens you used to enjoy—sigh *no more!* Instead...

Grab your hat and coat, and take it on the run for your nearest Birds Eye grocer! Birds Eye poultry is **ALL** extra special . . . *super de-luxe* . . . *marvelous!* It

comes cleaned and drawn, *tweezed clean* of pinfeathers, of *all waste*. **ALL** are **SATISFACTION-GUARANTEED** or **MONEY BACK!** Select from: **Broilers—Country Style Fryers—Roasting Chickens—Fowl for Fricassee—Turkeys—**



THE TIME IS NOW (continued)

on the Volga hit Russia between the Dnieper and the Danube).

4. Russia needs to recuperate.

5. And, if Russia recuperates, she will have relatively little to fear on her Western boundaries for a long time to come.

6. Further, Russia has to keep heavily mobilized in Siberia for whatever role she sees fit to play in the Far East.

To be sure, as long as Hitler is not defeated, Russia will not be able to demobilize, disarm and devote herself to the arts of peace. But ever since the establishment of the Soviet regime, Russia has maintained a very large military organization. So, it will not particularly bother Russia that she must continue to maintain a powerful armament—and even to replenish it. To maintain strong guards on the borders is infinitely less costly than to be fighting the biggest battles in history. Thus armed, Russia will wait to see what happens next, taking the military and political initiative as she may see fit.

Recognizing this situation, Germany might accept it as the best available to her. On the Russo-German border, Germany would post the necessary heavy guards and could then concentrate all her efforts on the Anglo-American threat. Her chief weapon is now the submarine. With this weapon she expects to keep a large part of the American military power from getting within striking distance. It will become impossible for us, she hopes, to transport the necessary 100 or 150 American divisions across the Atlantic. If the submarine can thus succeed in warding off full-scale American invasion, Germany's two great fears must be 1) air bombardment, 2) blockade.

As for air bombardment, it may prove less than fatal to Germany. By concentrating our efforts on "the real bombing of Germany," we could probably mutilate the German war machine this year. But our leaders have not chosen to adopt a policy of concentration—and presumably they have reasons.

And as for the blockade against Germany—there is simply no telling when it may prove finally effective. Similarly, with regard to the resistance of the conquered peoples—no one can accurately chart the curve of rising or falling resistance. Both the blockade and the resistance of conquered peoples are mighty allies for us when we move in toward victory. But they cannot be counted on as decisive factors in the struggle.

To summarize: Suppose that just for another 18 months, Germany is able to maintain the war economy of Europe; suppose that Russia is unwilling to march to Berlin at the cost of millions of lives; suppose the Nazi submarines do their worst and prevent an Anglo-American invasion of Germany—suppose, in short, Germany lasts another 18 months, then what?

The "then what" is that, in the meanwhile, too many bad things can happen for our side. China might be forced to yield to Japan—unless Russia intervenes. If we spend another year sending practically all our strength against Germany and fail to crack Germany; if we are unable or unwilling to launch a real campaign in Burma—then China, having received scarcely as much as an old shoe from the outside world, could only too understandably reach the end of physical power to resist. Japan then will be fighting only a one-front war—and that front a front with plenty of water between her and her enemies. Even with all our strength it would be a job to defeat Japan from over-the-water (and she with a subdued mainland behind her). But, with Germany still undefeated, we won't be able to use our full strength against Japan.

And then the war becomes a long protracted war. And in long wars, when exhaustion sets in, when hope of victory is deferred, when the purposes of the war become obscured, and when friends and foes, true leaders and false, become hard to distinguish in the night—then in ways now almost inconceivable, dissension sets in among allies. Dissensions arising not merely from petty misunderstandings but serious divergences of interest and policy. And then—somehow—the war ends—or ends for a while—quite otherwise than we had promised ourselves at the beginning.

The Challenge

What was it that we promised ourselves at the war's beginning? Did we not promise ourselves something called "total victory?"

Whatever anybody's views had been before Pearl Harbor, after Pearl Harbor we all agreed that we would lick "those bastards" and Hitler too—lick them so thoroughly that the military power of their nations could never again threaten us.

And we promised ourselves more than that. We promised ourselves that *this time* we would so thoroughly finish the job that "this" could never happen again—not, at any rate, for a long, long time.

That is what we meant by victory. Remember? That is what we

If he's awfully shy-



and you can't break the ice-



this will do the trick!



Everybody warms up to RITZ—
it's America's Favorite Cracker!



Folks warm up, parties liven up, foods pep up—when you serve taste-thrilling Ritz crackers. And you'll find every other Nabisco product just as wonderfully satisfying in its way—so it's wise to look for the red Nabisco seal on the package of every cracker and cookie you buy.

BAKED BY NABISCO • NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY



Filming and FIGHTING for Freedom!

PRECISION does it! The precision of Bell & Howell equipment—the craftsmanship that made "*what you see, you get*" an honest slogan for Filmo Motion Picture Cameras in peace, is proving itself indispensable in America's fight for freedom.

And Filmo Motion Picture Cameras and Projectors are fighting for freedom. In the training camps, motion pictures are showing men *how to fight to win*. They learn faster and more thoroughly—because "*what they see—they get*."

In combat, "*what they get, they see*." Motion pictures prove achievement and point the way to improved weapons and tactics.

Bell & Howell craftsmanship is devoted, *all out*, to supplying our fighting forces with unsurpassed motion picture equipment and sighting devices—so that "*what they see—they get*!"

Bell & Howell Company, Chicago;
New York; Hollywood; Washington,
D. C.; London. Established 1907.



BUY WAR BONDS

MOTION PICTURE CAMERAS AND PROJECTORS



PRECISION-MADE BY

Bell and Howell

THE TIME IS NOW (continued)

meant by victory—when all we were getting was defeat and more defeats.

And, now that we are getting some victories, what is it that could ultimately stand in the way of the total victory we promised ourselves? Obviously, it would be a falling out among the "victorious" Allies—it would be the failure of the Allies to achieve that degree of unity of policy and purpose which would be required to organize a "just and durable peace."

But the very same thing—a falling out among the Allies—is the danger most to be feared in the picture we have just given of how we *might* not win the war.

And so, if we really want to know the score—the score of destiny—the thing to watch is not merely the lines of battle. The thing to watch is the relations of the Allies. Are the Allies really united? Or only superficially so? Only with polite and weasel words? Only for military expediency?

The whole problem of the global war—and of the Peace, if any, to come—can be summed up as a problem in the creation of enduring unity among the Allies. Strategy, policy, statesmanship should all be directed to the creation of genuine unity between Allies. To the extent that genuine unity is achieved, the Allies will stick together even through reverses and postponement of victory—and their togetherness will be the sufficient promise of a good peace.

To the extent that genuine unity is not achieved—with this ally or with that one or with all of them—to that extent they are likely to fall apart in the fluctuations of war and thereby encompass their own defeats.

The Editors of LIFE believe that America has still a great job to do in bringing the Allies closer together in fundamental and indestructible agreement. Let Americans remember the victory they promised themselves—a just and durable peace so that "this" will not happen again for a long, long time. That victory is, of course, inconceivable without fundamental unity of policies and purposes.

And it is not true to say that it will be easier tomorrow than today to take important steps toward unity. That is the merest wishful thinking. Tomorrow may be harder.

In sum it comes to this. Today, we seem to be winning—we are winning. Time is on our side now. Time may be on our side for a year or so. But time will not be on our side forever. In a year, or in two years, or perhaps three, time may only too likely turn against us—and will make impossible the winning of the total victory to which we pledged ourselves.

Therefore, this talk of winning the war in 1943 or 1944 ought to be very solemn talk. Let this talk not be used between us as the speech of comfort. It must be spoken in the accent of urgent and terrible challenge. For unity must be won now—or it may never be won. There is the challenge to American statesmanship. It is a challenge to the will of the American people—a challenge to their full part in bringing about the unity among the peoples of the earth which alone will ensure victory, no matter what the hazards, and which alone will ensure that victory will be what we Americans mean it to be.

This is the job yet to be done. And the time to do it is now.

AN ANNOUNCEMENT To LIFE Readers

If your newsdealer tells you he is all out of copies of LIFE, please don't blame him. The fact is that we cannot print enough copies to give him all he needs for his customers.

When the Government recently curtailed the use of magazine paper, LIFE's circulation had reached a peak of 4,200,000 copies. In order to meet this necessary wartime restriction, LIFE, having made every possible economy, must still print fewer copies each week and limit its number of advertising pages.

And if the fewer copies we can print reach you or your newsdealer late, do not blame him or the postman. For the great strain on transportation facilities means that LIFE cannot always be delivered promptly each week in every city and town from coast to coast.

LIFE is doing its utmost to see that newsdealers in all parts of the country get their full share of all available copies. But LIFE knows that each week many readers will not be able to find LIFE on their newsstands. To all readers who do get copies, LIFE's sincere thanks for sharing them with others.



1. Up on Mt. Olympus where the gods held court, Morpheus was V. P. in charge of Slumber. Presumably he saw to it that all good Greeks forgot their workaday worries and got a good night's sleep.



2. Morpheus would have his hands full today. First of all, for worrying people, Alexander's wars were piddling compared to ours. And there was no coffee—hence no caffeine—to harass people's nerves those days.



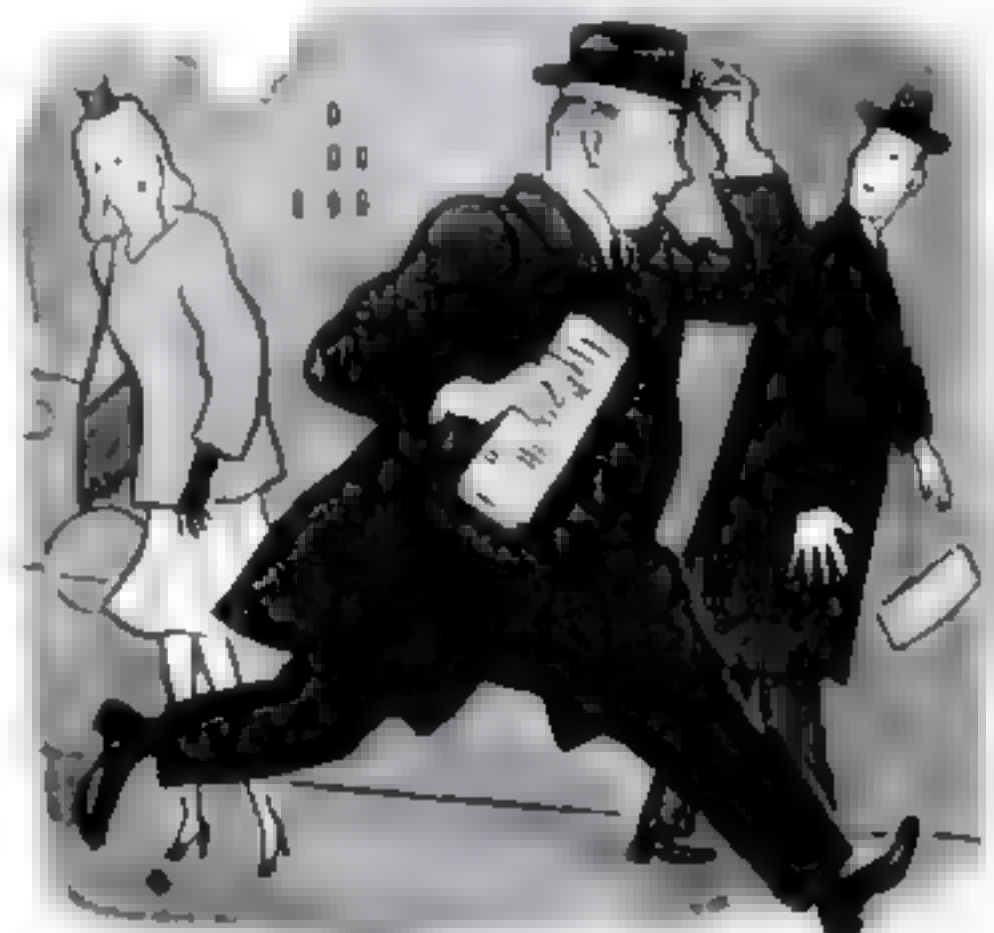
3. Maybe you're one of those who lie awake nights longing for Morpheus to come and take you in his arms—just because you couldn't resist the luxury of a cup of hot coffee. If you are—



4. You won't get any sympathy from Morpheus, so you'd better take some positive action yourself. Relaxation and restful sleep are things you can't afford to miss.



5. We could suggest that no matter how much you like coffee—and gosh knows there's plenty to like about it—you should give it up. But we have a better idea and it's this—



6. If you're upset or kept awake by caffeine, switch now to Sanka Coffee. It's real coffee, delicious coffee, with 97% of the caffeine removed! It can't get on anyone's nerves.



7. When the caffeine gets its walking papers, none of Sanka's delightful flavor or aroma is removed. They're both there in this rich blend of fine coffees. Sanka Coffee is all coffee and nothing but!



8. So when you get your next coffee ration, get Sanka Coffee . . . Whether you drink it for breakfast or for dinner, it won't make you jittery! It won't rob you of sleep!

SANKA COFFEE



*Sleep isn't a luxury; it's a necessity.
Drink Sanka and Sleep!*

TUNE IN... 5:45 P. M., New York Time, Sunday Afternoon. Sanka Coffee brings you William L. Shirer, famous author of "Berlin Diary," in 15 minutes of news over the Columbia Network.

BUY U. S. WAR SAVINGS BONDS AND STAMPS



News desk of the *Stars and Stripes* is in one of three small offices rented from the *Times*. Paper gets its news from correspondents in camps, OWI cables, also uses some of *Times* facilities. Sergeant Hutton and British pressman (below) read copies of their respective papers fresh from the presses.



Naval editor Tom Bernard reads day's edition outside of *Times* office. In background are posters stating "Arms of the *Times*," which give amusement to Army editors.

THE "STARS AND STRIPES"

London "Times" shares quarters with Army daily

The only daily American newspaper published in Europe is the *Stars and Stripes*, an Army organ containing the latest foreign, domestic and sporting news, comic strips and plenty of pictures of Hollywood starlets. Costing one penny an issue, it is sold only to U. S. troops in the European Theater of Operations to satisfy their hunger for home news, never satisfied by the paper-rationed British press.

Since the *Stars and Stripes* became a daily in November, it has shared quarters with the dignified London *Times* in Printing House Square. *Times* compositors make up and print the paper for the young sergeants who do most staff writing. Though British pressmen at first had to be coached in American style, they are today proficient in U. S. custom and slang, look forward eagerly to the doings of Joe Palooka in the Army paper's pages.



"Times" commissionaire guides visitors to *Stars and Stripes* into the creaky "lift" leading to its small office. He likes U. S. Army men, is an avid reader of their paper.

LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO!

"Getting ready for auction day." Painted from life on a Southern farm by Aaron Bohrod.



So Round, So Firm, So Fully Packed — So Free and Easy On The Draw





A grand main dish for 4... *and you use only a pound of meat!*

Right now one of your biggest meal time problems is how to "stretch" your share of meat. So when you do your planning, don't forget how far a pound of *bacon* goes.

There are approximately 18 to 22 slices in a one-pound package of Swift's Premium Bacon... enough to serve four generously when it's combined with cauliflower and green beans, as shown here.

Important, too—you can cook just

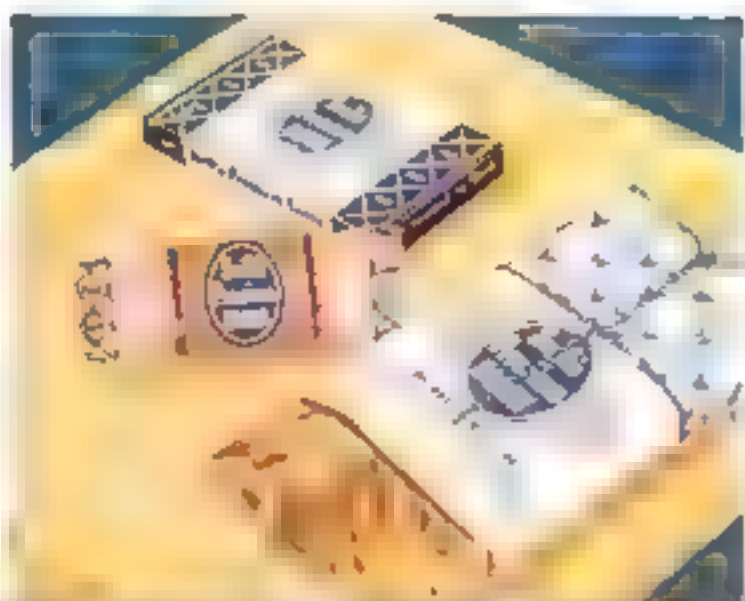
the amount of bacon that you need; there's no waste.

We realize, and regret, that you may not always be able to get Swift's Premium Bacon. The Army and Navy and our fighting allies must be supplied. But we want you to know we're doing everything possible to make Swift's Premium Bacon available—because we want you to enjoy the delicious goodness of the bacon with the Sweet Smoke Taste.

SWIFT'S PREMIUM

The Bacon with the Sweet Smoke Taste

BEST BY VOTE. Independent research workers recently asked thousands of people which brand of bacon they like best. Swift's Premium actually got more votes than the next ten leading brands combined! So it's well worth while to get Swift's Premium Bacon whenever you can. Look for the name "Swift's Premium" on packages, the word "Swift" down the side of the slab.



"Stars and Stripes" (continued)



The "Times" financial advertising manager, J. Ellis Harron, looks over an issue of the *Stars and Stripes* with Pvt. Joe McBride, reporter. Not all *Times* men dress thus.



The hot-foot was a U. S. newspaper importation eagerly seized upon by *Times* composers. Frank Easto (left) tries out trick on Sgt. Bob Moore of *Stars and Stripes*.



Art editor Benny Price picks out Hollywood stills to run in the Army paper. Original Petty drawing on wall, which appeared in early issue, shocked *Times* staffers.



Chief correspondent for the Army paper is Tech Sgt. Hodensfield, former sports editor of an Iowa paper. Here he changes English grammar into American on *Times* poster.



THESE FIVE GREAT TOBACCOS PERFECTLY CUT and BLENDED for finer smoking!

Open up a tin of Revelation!

Look! Five superb tobaccos—not just one!

Cool-burning Burley . . . fruity Carolina . . . spicy Virginia . . . Perique, cured in seasoned oak casks . . . Latakia, king of aromatic tobaccos!

M-m-m . . .

Just *smell* that winey, plum-cake aroma. So tempting, you want to sink your teeth into it.

And—that's an idea! Yes . . . *chew* a pinch of REVELATION. That nut-like flavor reminds you of hickory-cured meat!

Now—stuff your pipe with REVELATION. Revel in its sweet

coolness—so mild, so fragrant, free from bite! See how clean and even it draws.

Yes sir, you'll really *revel* in REVELATION . . . and only 15¢!

No "mixtures" of only 1 or 2 tobaccos can match Revelation's BITE-FREE FLAVOR!



LEFT:
Ordinary mixture
— 1 cut tobacco
mats down—keeps
heat—causes
soggy feel.

RIGHT:
REVELATION
Five different
cuts pack perfectly
—pipe "breathes"
—burns cool!



A Product of PHILIP MORRIS

"Together, we're building bridges across the seven seas"



THIS STALWART FIGURE is a pilot of the Air Transport Command, the Army's wartime partnership with the country's 18 leading airlines.

HIS JOB is to speed new planes and vital supplies to the fighting fronts and fly Democracy's brains...statesmen, generals, scientists, doctors . . . where they're needed in the world-wide chess-board of this war.

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IN THIS. America's great aerial offensive, and on land and sea



as well, members of "The Invisible Crew" of Bendix are playing a vital role. Together with the Air Transport Command, these precision instruments are building bridges across the sky, bridges of bombers and transports today to clear the way for bridges of commerce tomorrow. *Back America's invincible crew . . . our fighters on every front. Buy War Bonds and Stamps regularly.*

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Pioneers in technical development as well as in name, the sensitive and precise instruments of "The Invisible Crew" perform scores of vital tasks in every Air Transport flight. They watch directions, speed and drift. They check on temperature and wind. They tell height and horizon. They set the trackless course and check it against the stars. Here are a few of the famous "PIONEER" names in the world of flight: Air Speed Indicator, Rate of Climb Indicator, Turn and Bank Indicator, Driftmeter, Octant, Altimeter, "AUTOSYN" System of Remote Indication, "MAGNESYN" Remote Indicating Compass, Vapor Proof Manifold Pressure Gauge, Oxygen Regulator.



MAGNESYN COMPASS



AIR SPEED INDICATOR



DRIFTMETER



OCTANT



SENSITIVE ALTIMETER



*"But think of the rubber
you're saving," urged Elsie*

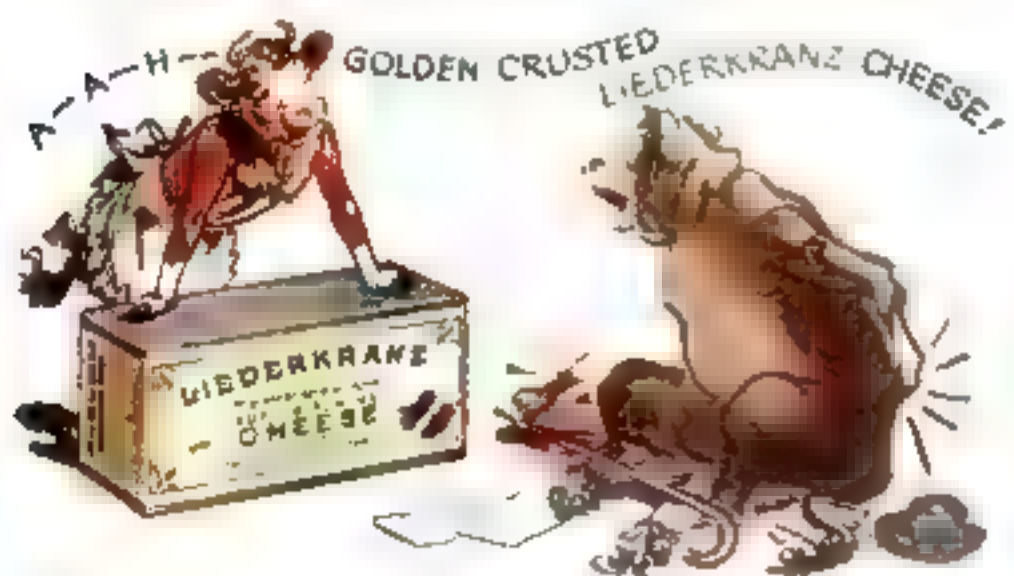
"DRAT THE RUBBER I'M SAVING!" bellowed Elmer, the bull. "I've been sabotaged. These infernal skates deliberately tripped me!"

"Nonsense," said Elsie, the Borden Cow. "It was just your own clumsiness. Now stop complaining. In times like these, we must all sacrifice till it hurts."

"It isn't the sacrifice that hurts," moaned Elmer, "it's the sitting down."

"What's wrong with sitting down?" asked Elsie. "People just love to sit down to a glass of my rich, creamy Borden's Milk. They show good judgment, too. Milk and milk products rank so high on Uncle Sam's National Nutrition Program that just going around telling people about them makes me feel like Paul Revere."

"I wish I felt like Paul Revere," grumbled Elmer,



feeling his bruises gingerly. "He was lucky... he had a horse."

"Speaking of horses," beamed Elsie, "cheese lovers everywhere tell me that wild horses couldn't drag them away from Borden's Liederkranz. And I don't wonder. This tawny-crust, creamy-centered treat is the one American-made dessert cheese that's famous the world over. Of course, it's only one of more than 20 Borden's Fine Cheeses, but..."

"Woman," snarled Elmer, "if you ever stop talking, take a few minutes off and help me pick up these papers!"

"If it's picking up, you want," smiled Elsie, bending over to help Elmer, "most folks say there's no pick-up like a glass of Borden's Hemo. It's the new way to drink

WITH HEMO YOU DRINK YOUR VITAMINS AND LIKE 'EM!



your vitamins and like 'em, you know. And it tastes like the grandest malted milk, only more so."

"Very interesting," mumbled Elmer, dusting himself hastily, "but I must be off to the office... ooff!"

"Oh dear, down you go again," sighed Elsie. "If I fell

down on my job as often as you do just getting to yours, my velvety smooth Borden's Ice Cream wouldn't be



half as luscious to taste, nor nearly as nourishing."

"And that, I suppose," sneered Elmer, "would throw the entire country into a panic, including the Army and Navy."

"Nothing could panic those boys," said Elsie firmly. "But both our fighting forces and our allies do count on me for plenty of Borden's Evaporated Milk. It's not



only irradiated with Vitamin D, but it makes simply scrumptious creamed soups and mashed potatoes."

"Don't say *mashed* so casually, please!" groaned Elmer. "Unfortunately, it reminds me of the way I feel."

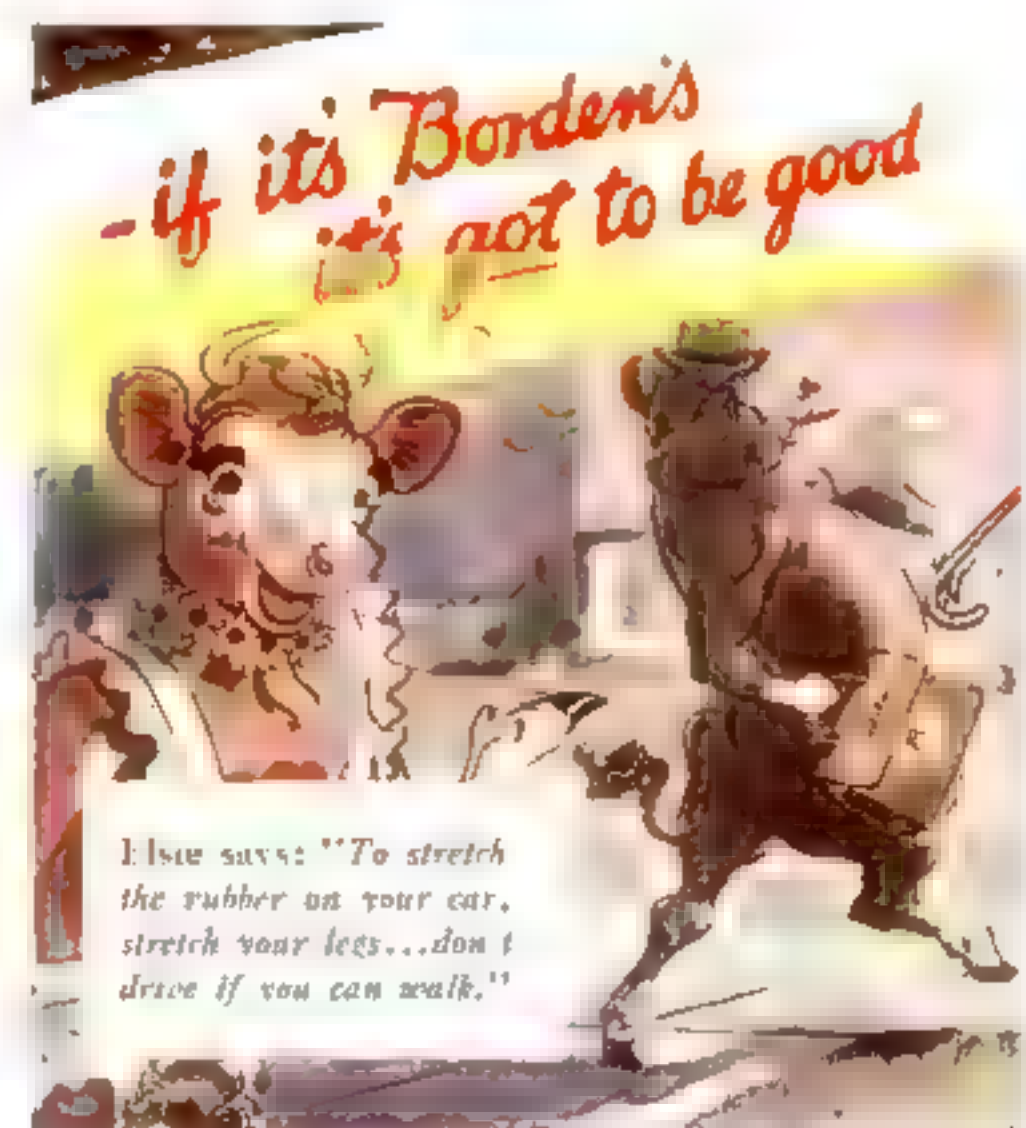
"One way to make a man feel just grand," giggled Elsie, "is to serve him a hearty slice of mince pie made with Borden's None-such Mince Meat, the cat's piest,



spiciest mince meat ever. Won't you agree?"

"Just help me get these blasted skates off my hooves and into the Scrap Drive," yelled Elmer, "and I'll agree to anything."

"Yes," snickered Elsie, "big folks and little folks all agree that... if it's Borden's, it's got to be good!"



*-if it's Borden's
it's not to be good*

Elsie says: "To stretch the rubber on your car, stretch your legs... don't drive if you can walk."



IN "THEY GOT ME COVERED" DOROTHY LAMOUR STARTS TO UNFASTEN HER BLOUSE, LOOKS UP AT BOB HOPE AND SAYS, "THIS IS A PRIVILEGE RESERVED FOR NIAQARA FALLS"



An extra foot baffles Bob Hope as he ties shoelace, gives him a chance for his double-take (i. e. delayed

reaction to something wrong). Of his amusing ability, Bob says: "I was born with timing and coordination."

BOB HOPE

Ad-libbing comedian co-stars with Dorothy Lamour in Goldwyn's "They Got Me Covered"

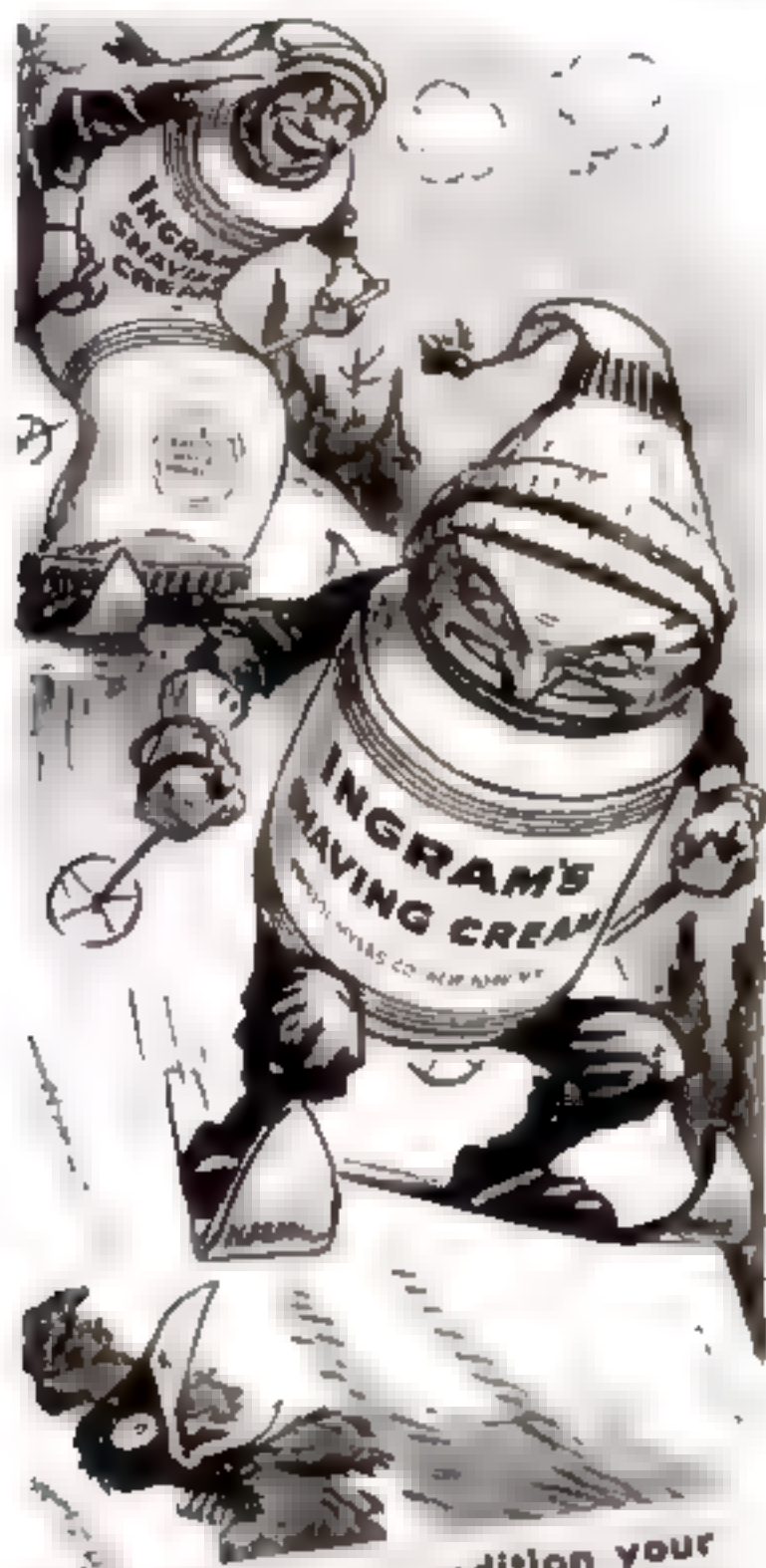
As a master of the gag, the double-take, and the art of ad-libbing, Bob Hope has few equals. Both on the screen and the radio his humor sends audiences into bursts of laughter that sound like the cheering section at a football game. Whether it is a joke about his own ski-jump nose ("as a child no one dared mention it, thinking it might go away"), or a description of a friend ("Victor Moore is sort of an Edward Arnold at half-mast"), his slap-happy wit has made him one of the top comedians of the day.

In his latest picture, *They Got Me Covered*, Bob Hope is teamed with Dorothy Lamour. For the servicemen who consider Dorothy No. 1 pin-up girl (see p. 8) and Bob No. 1 gag-buster, this movie may well win an Oscar from the armed forces. For fans the country over it is 90 minutes of mystery-comedy filled with Hope gags (see left) and Hope-Lamour "love" scenes (see above).

Although he has seven gag writers and files of jokes, Hope can be funny all by himself. Many of his jokes are ad-libs. During the shooting of one picture when he saw the script writer coming on the set, he said, "If you hear any of your own dialog, yell BINGO." Anxious to trade in his gags for a gun, Bob Hope was turned down by the Army who told him he was more valuable as an entertainer. Since 1940 he has been devoting much of his time to making servicemen laugh. Last year his trouping included a 16,000-mile trek to Alaska. Typical of Hope's ad-lib humor for the Army is: "What a reception I got from those soldiers. They actually got down on their knees. What a spectacle! What a tribute! What a crap game!"

cool shaves

For a Flying Take-Off!



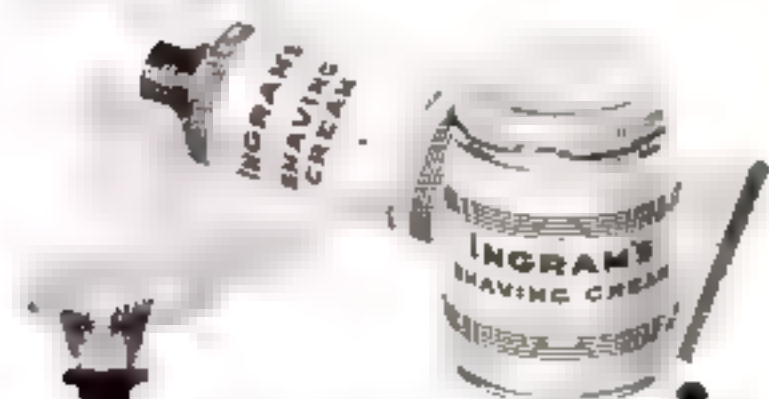
Ingram's helps condition your skin for smooth shaving while it's wilting your wiry whiskers.

WANT SHAVES as cool as a ski jump—and every bit as thrilling? Then switch to Ingram's, the cream that all but makes shaving a *Winter Sport!*

A small amount of Ingram's snowballs up into an avalanche of lather that wits your whiskers at toboggan tempo. Your keen blade breezes through like a skate over hard ice! And all the while, that Ingram's lather keeps soothing—bracing—helps condition your skin for shaving!

Afterwards, your face looks smooth and refreshed—feels cool and comforted for a long, long time! Get a jar or a tube of cool, cool Ingram's at your druggist's today!

Product of Bristol-Myers



INGRAM'S
shaving cream



"Anything for a laugh," says Bob Hope as he rolls up his trouser leg to pose with Iris Bynum (Miss Texas, 1941) for some glamor shots on the set of *They Got Me Covered*.



Clowning on the set with platinum-haired Marion Martin, Hope says: "She's such a 'glow' girl her air-raid warden doesn't let her come out nights without a turban."

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sluggishness, acid indigestion.
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Who was the man who saved Jim Bailey?

● \$10,000, the court said. That's what they said Jim must pay—for driving his car around the block!

No, this didn't happen in Nazi Germany. It happened to Jim right here, and it could happen to you. It happened suddenly, unexpectedly, as such things always do. Jim was taking his car around one evening to put it in the garage. Just as he turned the corner, a youngster darted into the street. Jim didn't see her till too late... and now the court says Jim must pay.

Jim would have had to sell his home, mortgage his future earnings, if he'd had to pay that \$10,000 himself. But, luckily, he didn't have to. He was saved from this disaster by a man he didn't know six months ago.

Who was the man who saved Jim Bailey?

He Saved Jim Bailey—and There Are 7,000 Like Him Ready to Help You
A representative of State Farm Mutual Automobile Insurance Company saved Jim Bailey from paying that \$10,000 himself.

Jim had thought he didn't need auto insurance. After all, he couldn't drive over 35... he wouldn't be driving far. But the State Farm representative had changed Jim's mind with some startling facts. He showed Jim that the majority of accidents don't occur at high speeds, but at speeds less than 35 miles an hour. He showed Jim that accidents happen in a split second, no matter how slowly or

how few miles you drive. So when Jim had an accident, his car was insured.

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State Farm offers similar advantages in other important types of auto insurance. Medical Payments Coverage pays medical expenses of members of your family and passengers injured in your car at the lowest cost in history. Comprehensive Insurance protects you against fire, theft, and most of the other hazards that threaten your car. Emergency Road Service and Bail Bond Insurance pays 80% of the expenses incurred on a public highway for mechanical first aid, towing, and other services, and reimburses you for 80% of any premium or fee paid for a bail bond. A State Farm representative will be glad to point out the advantages of State Farm's life and fire insurance, too. (For obvious reasons, the name used in this advertisement is fictitious.)

Write for free booklet presenting basic facts you should know about auto insurance. Address request to Dept. L-23, State Farm Insurance Companies, Bloomington, Illinois. There is no obligation.



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CLOSE UP



IN HER APARTMENT TALLULAH STUDIES A GLOBE WITH ANDREW RATOUSHEFF, MIDGET WHO IS IN HER PLAY. "ON THE WAGON" UNTIL HITLER IS BEATEN, SHE DRINKS COCA-COLA

TALLULAH BANKHEAD

BROADWAY'S BRIGHTEST STAR CALLS EVERYONE DARLING AND BELIEVES IN FREE SPEECH AT ANY COST

by GEORGE FRAZIER

The program notes to *The Skin Of Our Teeth*, Tallulah Bankhead's current Broadway hit, relate this story: One evening, at a party at Dorothy Parker's, the indefatigable Bankhead had been carrying on—drinking, singing, dancing and even running cartwheels. At one point the hostess left the room and when she returned, the exuberant Tallulah had gone. "What," asked Miss Parker, "the hash that had taken over the gathering, has become of Whistler's Mother?"

Like most stories attributed to Miss Parker, that one is doubtless apocryphal. Nevertheless it does serve to suggest satirically that Miss Bankhead is not always characterized by the demure dignity of the lady in the painting. But the fact that her excess of spirits, including her devotion to free speech (her own), sometimes rubs people the wrong way has never seriously troubled Miss Bankhead. For, above all things, she likes to perform, both on and off the stage.

The significant thing, however, is that up until four years ago most of the

dramatic critics, if not exactly viewing her as the missing ingredient in a Swiss cheese on rye, looked a good deal more of her way. But in 1935 she got her teeth into the bitchy comedy *Let It Be* by Helen and Thomas Tuck, with the not unhappy result that those who had shuddered at her performance in such monstrous pieces as *Let It Be* and *Cleopatra* were compelled to admit right about face. Her work in *Let It Be* was so good, and in the process so good she is still been imitating her facet, this time in Thornton Wilder's highly controversial *The Skin Of Our Teeth*. As the main and star of that hit play, she shares with Ethel Merman of *You Are The One*, the smash musical, the distinction of being the No. 1 attraction on Broadway at the moment.

It has been said that asking her a question is tantamount to sticking one's finger into a hole in a dike. Miss Bankhead, who calls everyone a darling, flatly denies that. "Darling," and to prove her point on March 20, 1937, she gave speech that invariably gives her listeners a jump. In a woman of less fascination, this gibbiness would be merely boring, but in Tallulah it is, more often than not,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 43

in the black key..

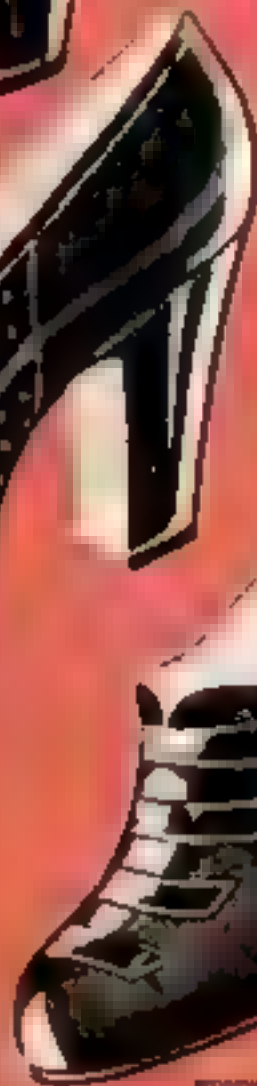
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Your first thought this season—the good black shoe that will see you through. The Naturalizer Shoe with simple, uncluttered lines . . . fine, rich leathers . . . the famous Naturalizer moulded-to-the-foot fit, with “no slip—no gap—no pinch” to mar their smartness. See them at your Naturalizer store, or write for name of Naturalizer dealer. BUELL RUBINSON SHOE MAKERS, Division of Brown Shoe Company, St. Louis.

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pretty wonderful. She is what newspaper men who wear the brims of their hats up and prefer to be addressed as "Scoop" call "good copy." She is also one of the most substantial citizens in the whole of the U.S. Toward people who kick other people around she harbors a bitterness that she has implemented out of her pocketbook and her time. No one has ever accused her of refusing a worthy cause. During the evacuation of Dunkirk she was moved to take one of the major steps of her life. "God," she prayed—and she was not acting this time—"get those boys out of there safe and I won't take another drink until Hitler is licked." To date she has not broken that pledge.

Tallulah Bankhead was 41 on Jan. 31 and there are those who maintain that on a clear night she does not look a minute younger. In the 25 years of her professional life she has come to occupy an altogether unique place in the theater. For one thing, she has never had her jewels stolen. For another, although a native American, she became a star in her homeland only after achieving spectacular success on the London stage. And, for a third, although a Southerner, she speaks with a slight variation of the how-about-a-spot-of-tea-old-boy British accent.

She has blue eyes; rich, abundant mousy-colored hair that is beginning to be streaked with gray; lips that are a scarlet gash against the chalky whiteness of her face; heavy eyelids that impart a come-hither, bedroom look; and eyebrows, plucked and unpencilled, which appear almost nonexistent. Her figure, which used to be on the hefty side, is now as trim and as firm as a boy's. Her feet are tiny and her legs lovely. She uses Coty's "Jasmine" and she always smells nice.

Although once a confirmed night-clubber, she no longer frequents such hellholes, except, of course, the Stork. And that, as she is quick to point out, isn't really a night club and besides, after all, Billingsley (Sherman Billingsley, the owner of the Stork) isn't like a night-club owner at all, darling. I mean, he says and does the most extraordinary things and I think he's a most amusing man, you see. He's sort of like a friend, don'tcha know, darling.

Her gift of gab was inherited

It is more than remotely possible that her incessant flood of words was inherited. At any rate, her father was the late William Brockman Bankhead, Speaker of the House of Representatives, a position not commonly associated with taciturnity. Her grandfather was a U. S. Senator and her uncle John is now the senior Senator from Alabama. This heritage may explain her ability to wangle newspaper space that might otherwise go to elected officials who make a lot less sense than she does and whose legs are not half so pretty.

In New York Miss Bankhead lives in an apartment at the Elysee on East 54th Street. Visitors must identify themselves at the front desk, where they are subjected to a grilling that barely stops short of demanding proof of a negative blood test, membership in the American Kennel Club and the ability to play a bassoon. Once inside the apartment, however, they are treated with enormous hospitality, whisky-and-soda and a 5,000-word speech on what the hell's the matter with P.M. It is a conservative apartment and, in place of the usual theatrical autographed pictures of friends of the stage and screen, are family portraits. On the tables are empty Coca-Cola bottles (a beverage she drinks constantly) and cans of English Craven A cigarettes which she smokes chain-fashion. She began to smoke when she was 12 and opponents of the filthy weed could, if they wished, point out that this probably stunted her growth. She is very short. She usually wears slacks, a silk blouse and sandals that accentuate her lack of height. She is intensely nervous and is a peripatetic conversationalist. It is quite a performance and into it she interpolates the wringing of her hands, glances heavenward, sudden halts, a twitching of the eye and a sibilant sucking-in of her breath.

Her conversation ranges over a wide variety of subjects. She adores baseball, darling, and the Giants are her babies. Toward the American League she adopts, although in a less spirited degree, the same sort of attitude she takes toward such people as Adolf Hitler. She makes no bones about the fact that Carl Hubbell and Mel Ott are meaningful figures in her life. In the waning days of last season she committed the unpardonable sin (for her) of rooting against her babies. Speaking of it now, her voice is full of sadness tempered by a desperate hope that perhaps she was not so wicked after all. The Giants were playing the St. Louis Cardinals that afternoon. "I rooted for the Cards," she says, "which was heresy, darling. But the Cards were in a position to win the pennant and the Giants, poor dears, were safely tucked in third place." And then she looks up at her listener as if to find consolation in his eyes. "It wasn't so terrible, was it, darling?"

Miss Bankhead was born in Huntsville, Ala. Her mother died in

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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1. Come meet the Masked Marvel
(but don't shake his hand)
His grip is too strong
for one man to stand!



2. But give him a cloth
on window-wash day,
And before the job's done
he'll faint dead away!



3. But his wife, whose defense job
had taught her this trick,
Knew a way to clean windows
as wise as it's quick—



4. Just order some "WINDEX"
at any good store
And kiss back-breaking
labor good-by evermore!



5. Spray it on—wipe it off!
For much less than a cent
Each pane has a shine
you'll acclaim heaven-sent!



6. And at house-cleaning time
in the fall or the spring,
The way it halves work
will make any gal sing!

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DON'T START spring house cleaning
without this non-inflammable, oil free
cleaner that costs but a fraction of a
penny for each window cleaned!

And—Windex is grand for cleaning
windshields, mirrors, anything in the
house made of glass!

**WINDEX SAVES TIME • SAVES ENERGY
SAVES YOU**

You can get Windex in two sizes—6-
ounce and the 20-ounce economy size.



Her uncle, Senator John Bankhead, aided her fight for Federal Theater Project



Her father, William, was Speaker of the House until his death three years ago.

TALLULAH BANKHEAD (continued)

this childbirth and Tallulah was raised by her paternal grandmother, after whom she was named. She attended the Mary Baldwin School in Virginia and the Holy Cross and Sacred Heart Convents and Fairmont School in Washington, D. C. In 1918, when she was 16, she went on the stage. Her first role consisted of a few lines in *Squab Farm*. A year later she landed a bigger part in *Footloose* at the Greenwich Village Theater. A few months after that she succeeded Constance Binney, then a great favorite, in *39 East*. From then until 1922 she was an inconspicuous success in *Nice People*, *Everyday*, *Danger*, *Her Temporary Husband* and *The Exciters*.

In 1922 she went to London and for the next eight years she was the most fabulous female in England. In that time she played 15 leads and it was not unusual for people to wait in line 36 hours to buy gallery seats to her plays. The 1920's in London were a high old time and one is probably safe in assuming that Tallulah contributed her ample share to the shenanigans. Her house at 1 Farm Street was viewed by innocent bystanders with a mixture of alarm and morbid curiosity.

Her favorite expression, "Oh, my God!" was drawled by hundreds of her faithful followers and her beautiful dancing was the envy of other, more steatopygous women at the Kit Kat and the Cafe de Paris. She commanded one of the highest salaries ever paid a performer on the British stage. In 1928 she was chosen one of the ten most remarkable women in London. She was the star of such hits as *They Knew What They Wanted*, *The Gold Diggers*, *Her Cardboard Lover*, *Mud and Treacle*, *Let Us Be Gay*, *The Green Hat* and *Camille*. The old school-tie set lionized her and she made the Royal Enclosure at Ascot in a breeze.

She is misty-eyed about the 1920's

Toward the 1920's as a gallant age, Tallulah betrays a misty-eyed nostalgia. She speaks with deep emotion of the sun-flecked center court at Wimbledon and of Tilden and Hunter, Cochet and Borotra. Even if she did not see them all, she knows and respects the giants who strode the earth in those enchanted years—George Herman Ruth, William Harrison Dempsey, Robert Tyre Jones Jr., Charles Paddock, Harold Grange and all the prodigious rest of them. In a manner of speaking, she herself was tapped for Skull and Bones in that bright day and age when the measure of a man's greatness was implicit in such epic epithets as *The Sultan of Swat*, *The Manassa Mauler*, *The Galloping Ghost*, *Big Bill*, *The Fastest Human*, *The Flying Finn* and *The Bounding Basque*.

But then, in 1931, she returned to the U. S. where a highly lucrative Hollywood contract awaited her. What happened to the exhibitors who ran her pictures should not have happened to a mastiff. The suspicion that London's taste was less discriminating than ours spread like a prairie fire. The truth of the matter, which was that her scenarios were atrocious, did not help her in the least. Her flop was heard in every projection room in the country and it was not dulled by some injudicious publicity.

When she quit Hollywood in 1933 she was a thoroughly disillusioned person. Her fabulous popularity in England had been rudely anticlimaxed. Besides, she had been less than a howling social success in a community unaccustomed to a woman who realized that Bart could be a rank in nobility as well as the nickname of a leading

CONTINUED ON PAGE 52

Next?



THERE'S no rule about the length of a war, and no telling how great the sacrifices needed to win it. All we know is that it *must be won*.

We hope and pray that the *next* generation will be spared—that our lads of fourteen and fifteen are destined for something else but the horrors of war and the fields of battle.

We hope that we, of this generation, may transmit to the next generation a world in which ruthless savagery and killing have ceased . . . a world in which they may live and work in peace.

America must not lose this war—*dare* not lose it! We must win as *quickly* and completely as possible. If we win in time, hundreds of thousands of lives will be saved, and the youths of today will build the greater America of tomorrow.

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The better we arm our *men*, the more lives of our *boys* will be spared, and the sooner will their future be assured.

Knowing this to be true—knowing that War Bonds will help save our country—the lives of our fighting men—yes, even the lives of those who are mere boys now . . . Can you possibly *not* put every dollar you can scrape together into War Bonds?

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Charles J. Gibson
PRESIDENT

COMES THE WAR—Today we are at war. All Gibson men and machines have joined the arsenal of democracy to help win the war, to supply another kind of protection to American homes and to American lives.

FOR 65 YEARS of Gibson peace-time production, mothers have confidently looked to Gibson for food protection, to insure health, growth and vigor for Young America. Today, thousands of mothers know the exclusive advantages of the famous Gibson Freez'r Shelf Refrigerator and its twin helper, the Gibson KOOKALL electric range.

WHEN VICTORY IS WON, Gibson will return to building refrigerators and ranges—better protection of precious foods and vitamins. Housewives will again be able to buy the famous Freez'r Shelf Refrigerator with all its advantages, and the Kookall automatic electric range for extra-delicious meals.



GIBSON
KOOKALL
Automatic
Electric Range

INVEST IN
WAR BONDS
AND STAMPS

GIBSON

REFRIGERATOR COMPANY, Greenville, Mich.
Export Dept., 201 N. Wells St., Chicago, Ill.

TALLULAH BANKHEAD (continued)

man named Marshall. What subsequently happened to her on Broadway could not have bolstered her sagging morale appreciably. Her first two plays were *Forsaking All Others* and *Dark Victory* and, as plays go, they went—and in a hurry.

In 1938 she had the courage to do a part that had been done to a fare-thee-well by the late Jeanne Eagels. It was Sadie Thompson in *Rain*. She realized as much as anyone else that her performance would have to bear comparison with Eagels', but she went through with it and out of her reading emerged a new Sadie and one as valid as her predecessor's. For a while she was an undisputed success, but her critics were mindful of the fact that one good performance does not necessarily guarantee an actress' ability. In *Something Gay*, *Reflected Glory*, *Antony and Cleopatra* and *The Circle*, with which she followed *Rain*, she presented these critics with plenty of reason for their suspicion. *Antony and Cleopatra* was so God-awful that, had Shakespeare seen it, he would gladly have settled the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy by waiving the authorship.

In 1937 she married an actor named John Emery who, as Antony in *Antony and Cleopatra*, aided and abetted her in profaning the Bard's memory. The marriage lasted four years. When asked why she was divorcing "Mr. Bankhead," Tallulah said: "Because I love him." No one bothered to question her further.

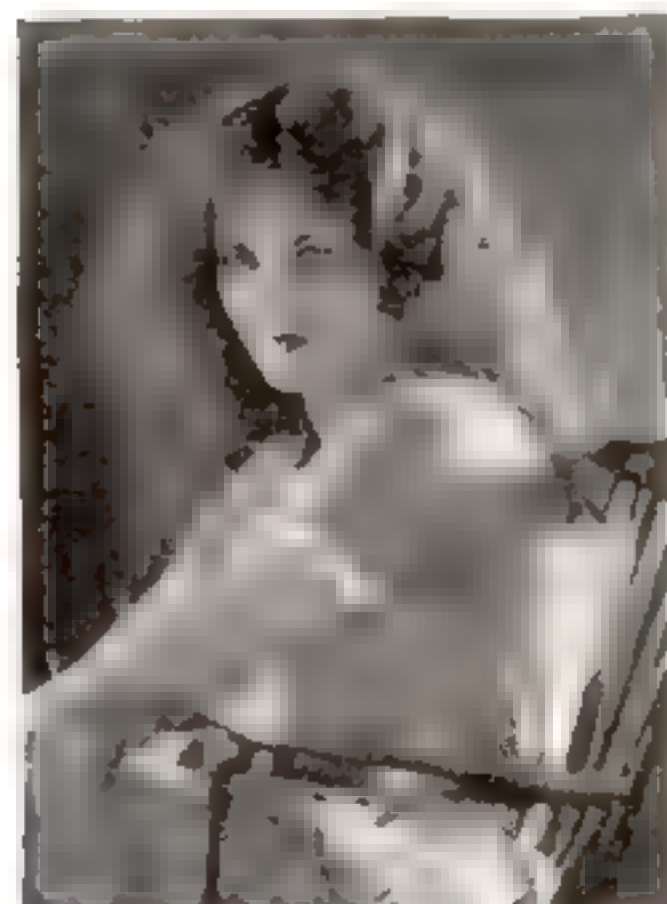
A Broun told her off

As a paid-up member of Cafe Society, she engaged in numerous passages of repartee and, in most cases, came out on top. One of the rare instances when she was bested was witnessed by C. V. R. Thompson, the British newspaper correspondent. "It was before Heywood Broun died," writes Thompson. "The adder-tongued Mrs. Broun and her 'Commander,' as she called him, were enjoying a quiet drink when Miss Bankhead lumbered over. She put her arms around Broun's expansive neck. Then she gave a recital of some of her accomplishments, concluded by saying: 'But I've never made love to Gargantuan, ill-kempt, porcine, sweating old Heywood Broun, and I'm going to tonight.' Mrs. Broun didn't even look up from her rum Collins. 'Sorry,' she said, 'but the Commander ain't sweatin' tonight.'"

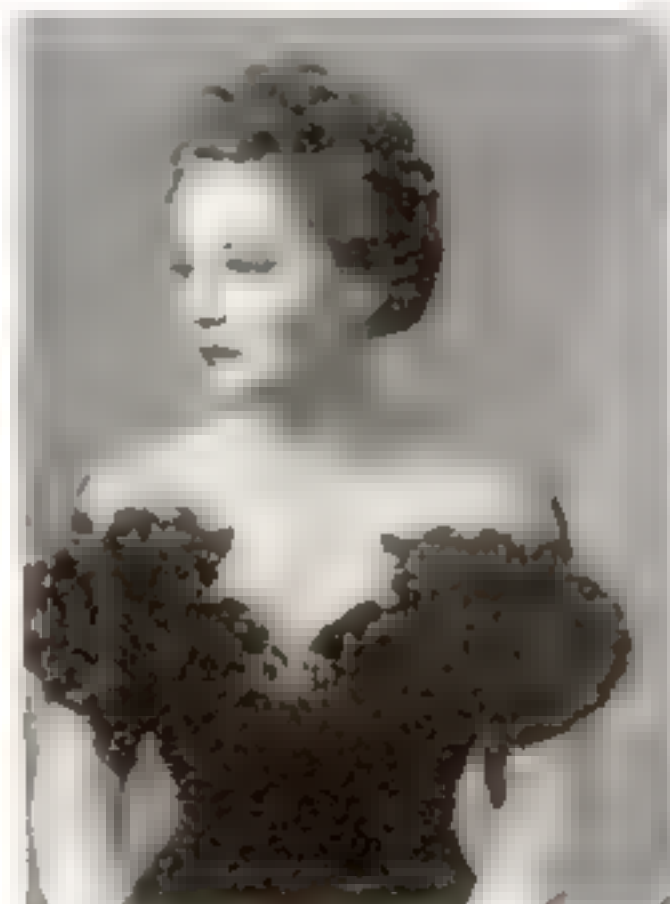
Since the evacuation of Dunkirk she has given unstintingly of her time and money. She is one of Freedom House's more dependable speakers and her harangues, some of which are written for her by Mrs. Herbert Agar, have awakened more than one slumbering person to the importance of the issues at stake. It is highly probable that she could write her own addresses, but time does not permit her to do so. For a person whose schooling stopped at 16, she has a prodigious store of assorted knowledge. She is inclined to dismiss it, however, and when questioned about her love of classical music will reply that she really doesn't know a thing about it, darling. "I can recognize all the famous things, of course, but I really don't know anything about them, don'tcha know. Really I don't."

Her two favorite actresses are Garbo and Hepburn and her praise of them is as knowing as it is ecstatic. Her favorite restaurant is Maud Chez Elle, although she is mad about the Stork, which really isn't a night club and, besides, after all, Billingsley isn't like a night-club owner at all, darling. The Stork serves food too, don'tcha know.

Last month she gave her blood to the Red Cross. Commenting on it afterward, she said: "I told them that I was so damned anemic, my blood would kill a good American soldier. I told them that I'd give them quarts of the stuff if they would put it into the right places—into Japanese soldiers. That would be more effective than a tank."



In "No Siree," a revue given for theater people in 1924, Tallulah did a brief skit



In "The Little Foxes," produced in 1939, she proved she is a magnificent actress.

Ease FATIGUE LINES with FRANCES DENNEY EYE CREAM



Don't let unsightly lines around the eyes spoil your beauty. Protect your eyes with FRANCES DENNEY EYE CREAM. It eases fatigue lines . . . and accents the natural beauty of your eyes. Buy a jar today. **\$2.50** plus Federal Tax

Corrective Beauty Preparations
"make a little Beauty go a long way"

Frances Denney
OF PHILADELPHIA



They're all asking for my recipes now

Jane, Mary . . . all are after my recipes . . . since our dinner last week.

I just tell them, "Send for the *Dinner for Eight* Recipe Book and get an assortment of Great Western American Wines."

With wines such as these for cooking and serving successful dinners, even on a war-rationed food supply, are as simple as can be.



SEND FOR FREE "DINNER FOR EIGHT" RECIPE BOOK
Written by the editor of a famous cook-book. Tells how to cook with wine when and how to serve wine.

If you cannot obtain the wine of your choice remember wines of the quality of Great Western cannot be hurried.

Great Western
WINES—SINCE 1880
PLEASANT VALLEY WINE CO., RHEIMS, N.Y.



INSIDE VIEW OF A HEALTHY SOLDIER . . . This X-ray picture in minute detail shows Army physicians that his lungs are sound—free from tuberculous infection. It was made on Kodak X-ray Film in "the greatest tuberculosis hunt of all time."

REJECTED . . . serious tuberculous infection. Not only is a man unfit to fight kept out of the Army—for the first time, perhaps, he learns of his condition, and begins his own campaign against another enemy which can be conquered.

Kodak X-ray Film helps guard our armed forces against Tuberculosis

EVEN war has its bright and hopeful side—even this war of frightfulness. It is bringing the surest, most conclusive test for tuberculosis to millions of young Americans. As a matter of standard practice, those volunteering or called under Selective Service are radiographed—pictures of their lungs are made on X-ray film.

This alertness and determination on the part of Army physicians to keep the Army free from tuberculosis are also performing an

invaluable service for those found to be infected. For tuberculosis, with timely measures, can be cured. But frequently it does not give a warning of its presence, without a radiograph.

THIS is the greatest X-ray job since Kodak introduced flexible X-ray film, to replace

cumbersome plates, in 1914. It prophesies the not-too-distant time when X-ray will make possible the examination of all our people—as hundreds of thousands of industrial employees have been examined, as a matter of routine, for years.

A good deal has been accomplished. X-ray pictures have already been a major factor in beating tuberculosis down from first place to seventh, as a hazard of life . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

Serving human progress through Photography

AMERICA MUST
BE FIRST IN THE AIR

...the air, our safety, our freedom, and our standard of living will not



Will tomorrow's aircraft

IT is not venturing too far into the realm of fantasy to suggest that the aircraft carriers of the future may be giant dirigible airships. More than twelve years ago Navy fliers demonstrated the practicability of launching airplanes from dirigibles and taking them aboard in flight.

The airship has several advantages for this duty. It is immune to submarine attack. It requires no cruiser escort. Its top speed of 75 knots or more gives it far

greater range than any surface ship, and permits it to overtake or elude an enemy fleet at will.

How vulnerable is the airship to incendiary fire from hostile airplanes? Less than you might think. Any American dirigible would be inflated with non-inflammable helium gas, eliminating danger from fire or explosion. Its motors would be fed from bullet-puncture-sealing fuel tanks. And like the Flying Fortresses that have

repeatedly routed attacking fighters, could be protected from stem to stern with armored blisters mounting heavy machine guns and aerial cannon.

In considering the possibility of flying carriers, it is well to remember that fewer than two hundred large dirigibles have been built in all world history; but men have learned much about their handling and operation. In recent years, since more accurate weather data has become avail-



carriers FLY?

Sectional view shows how planes are carried inside the airship; also the "hook-on" gear by means of which they are launched and taken aboard in flight

able, small Goodyear-built airships have flown more than *four million miles* in all kinds of weather — without the slightest injury to a single one of the 400,000 passengers they have carried. Perhaps this is a portent of things to come.

Goodyear builds both Airships and Airplanes. For America-at-war Goodyear is building the Corsair, swiftest carrier-borne fighter airplane in the world, and squadrons of Naval airships for U-boat patrol. Also wing, tail, cabin and fuselage subassemblies; control surfaces, wheels, brakes and bullet-puncture sealing gasoline tanks for many types of fighter and bombing planes — products of Goodyear's thirty years' experience in all branches of aeronautical engineering.





GOOD AREN'T THEY?

You bet they are! And what's more, Milky Way candy bars are as wholesome and nourishing as they are delicious. No wonder Milky Way is the favorite energy refreshment of young and old! Rich milk chocolate, smooth creamy caramel, and the luscious center of chocolate nougat flavored with real malted milk, blend into that delightful taste found only in a Milky Way.





*Their Royal Highnesses,
The Princesses
Elizabeth and Margaret*

The two daughters of the King of England are not only the most eligible young girls in the world. They have also restored glamor to the royal House of England. When Photographer Cecil Beaton called on them, he flinched from posing them again in the same old powder-blue suits that their rationing coupons allowed them for the year. Somewhere the family dug up some hand-me-down taffeta and turned out the old-fashioned picture gowns that the Princesses are wearing above, without violating the rationing rules. Elizabeth, heir presumptive to the throne and two months short of her 17th birthday, is almost past the Girl Guides stage. She is boning up on American history and writes every day to her, 75-year-old grandmother, Queen Mary. Margaret, now 12, has dropped the use of her second name, Rose.

Yanks Land in Germany!

When they do...paratroopers' uniforms will be closed with a slide fastener for streamlined safety. Weapons and supplies will drift down in slide-fastened bags for instant accessibility... and knives so sharp they'd slice through leather will be "zipped" out of slide-fastened sheaths and used to cut away chutes and harness!



THE SLIDE FASTENER: NOW DOING 123 BIG JOBS FOR THE ARMED FORCES!

In peacetime, Americans used to find slide fasteners for every man, woman and child... on trousers, coats, dresses, etc. But little did they realize how vitally important this amazing device... with its speed, security and weather protection... would be in wartime. Today it is being used on everything from uniforms to cartridge cases... from sleeping bags to airplanes. In fact, it's saving time and life in every branch of the armed forces... in 123 different ways!

TALON, INC., MEADVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA

INSTRUMENTS FOR ARMY DOCTORS—are instantly accessible for emergency use in slide-fastened cases!



3 SLIDE FASTENERS IN RUBBER LIFE RAFT...The same security that we rely on in slide-fastened handbags is now protecting vital supplies in pockets on life rafts!



DARK ROOM ON THE BATTLE FRONT... Reconnaissance photographs are developed the moment pilot lands, in a dark room closed with a slide fastener to seal out light.



"TALON"

the dependable
slide fastener

Talons are so making a hero's life easier for the armed forces in ever-increasing volume.



Bridal veils are only part of a big order placed by Bon Marche bridal salon buyer. Seattle veiwings were up 60% in 1942 over 1941. The big demand is for formal gowns, Lucy Eugene.



Antique silver, \$200,000 worth, is the first purchase of antiques ever made by Bon Marche. This will replace the flatware silver department when present stocks have been exhausted.

BOOMTOWN'S NEW BUYING HABITS

Seattle with its war busy shipyards, airplane plants and Navy yard is one of the great boomtowns of 1943 and The Bon Marche is one of Seattle's biggest and most progressive stores. Fortnight ago Bon Marche sent 11 buyers to New York—*shown at left*—instead of the usual 15 to 20, to buy spring merchandise. What they bought, what they wanted but could not get, what substitutes they accepted, is an illustration of the nation's new buying habits.

Bon Marche's sportswear buyers bought work clothes. Their customer now is not the weekend skier but women welders, riveters, assemblers. The shoe buyer bought, for a three-month period, low-heeled shoes in quantities which, in normal times would last

the store two or three years. Bridal shop bought formal wedding gowns in all sizes because the war worker wants to be a picture bride. Other buyers wooed manufacturers for alarm clocks, needles, pens, barbers, electric shavers, fountain pens, zippers, bed springs, wooden blankets, silver-plated flatware, lamps, cordware, garden tools, but wooed them mostly in vain.

Substitutions and switching of budgets from wanted but unavailable merchandise to new ones became common practice. Among the substitutes were redwood fiber and cotton comforters, exchange coal grates, wood-pronged garden rakes, wooden slatted springs, glass cooking utensils. New items being promoted are antiques, art goods, pictures, mirrors,



BUYERS FROM SEATTLE'S BON MARCHÉ IN NEW YORK

Shoe Buyer Frank S. Smith wants 10,000 pairs of low-heeled shoes, will probably get them, with delays. This year 50% of his shoe budget is for "sensible" shoes, against 30% normally.



Stocking Buyer Harriet Norman orders all sheer rayons she can get. Bon Marche's stocking sales increased nearly 100% in 1942 over 1939. Store sells as many as 300 dozen pairs daily.



**WHEN
DATING
BE
CAPTIVATING**

ALWAYS WEAR A
Life-Bra
FOR FLAT-CHESTED
NORMAL AND FULL
FIGURE • WHITE
• PINK • NAVY
• LACE • COTTON

\$1.25 TO \$3.50

"TAILORED
TO FIT" by **Formfit**

MADE BY
THE FORMFIT COMPANY
CHICAGO • NEW YORK

APPLE JUICE
WHILE YOU WAIT

HERE'S 3-WAY HELP at Refreshment Time
..... **APPLE JUICE**

BETTER TASTE—that's because it's made from
the pick of New York State's apple crop.
PURE FRUIT JUICE means it is good for you
as well as good.
DIFFERENT—that's why it is a welcome change
in the usual cycle of fruit juices.
ONE OF THE FAMOUS

MOTT'S PRODUCTS

Here's another case of 3-way help
SUNSWEEET PRUNE JUICE
For Vitamins, for Carbohydrates, for Laxative Effect.
A glass a day is the natural way for all three.
Distributed by the makers of Mott's Products

THE SIGN OF
MOTT'S
1842
BETTER TASTE

Boomtown Buyers (continued)



Work clothes Buyer Mildred Kirkendall used to concentrate on sports clothes, now shops for work clothes. These include fleece-lined garments for shipyard workers as well as denim slacks and coveralls for plant work. She buys in 100-dozen lots.



Lunch boxes usually could be ordered in any of the styles shown above. Now the only boxes which can be hauled are like the two in foreground. These boxes are made of black fiber. Pint or quart thermos bottles are made of cardboard and plastic.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 2



A NEW KIND OF TOURIST HAS 'TAKEN' THIS PLACE

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA has a new kind of tourist—eager thousands of young men from towns like yours. They're learning to fight here where every climate, every terrain is duplicated . . . swimming tanks across deserts . . . inching through mountain crags . . . storming bluffs above the beaches . . . knitting ships through coastal waters.

They spend their furloughs at home with us . . . at our dinner tables, in our churches. They dance with our fairest . . . visit our resorts—by the sea, in the mountains, on the desert . . . pick oranges—see the things you'd see but for the war.

Through all this we're doing our share in the Nation's job of war production—making ships and shells

and planes, sending streams of foods to Britain, China, Russia. But this is a tourist land, too. And this new tourist—this boy from your home, your town—we think he's wonderful and we try to show it.

When these boys have left for duty overseas, our people get thousands of letters from them thanking us for being kind. I think of it—they thank us!

Yes, we've all a job to do for the duration. But afterwards, come out and have a real vacation. And please, bring that boy with you. We want to see him again.

Start planning now to vacation here at the war's end. Buy war bonds to pay for your trip here then. Check coupon for interesting postwar vacation information.

Essential Travelers Only. Patriotism demands you use transportation wisely. If you are coming today on business, or to visit boys in training, or, if you are a serviceman visiting on furlough, the ALL-YEAR CLUB, Southern

California's non-profit community organization, has special, free, wartime services for you at its famous VISITORS' BUREAU, at 505 West 6th Street, Los Angeles. Send coupon for valuable, explanatory folder.

This advertisement sponsored by the Los Angeles County Board of Supervisors brings you a wartime message from the citizens of the County's rich agricultural and industrial areas and of its famous cities—Beverly Hills, Glendale, Hollywood, Long Beach, Los Angeles, Pasadena, Pomona, Santa Monica and 82 others.

Copyright, 1943, by All-Year Club of Southern California

All-Year Club of Southern California, Dept. B-2
629 So. Hill St., Los Angeles, Calif.

- ☐ Please send me information to help me plan a postwar vacation in Southern California.
- ☐ Please send free folder of Helpful Hints for wartime travelers to Southern California.

Name _____

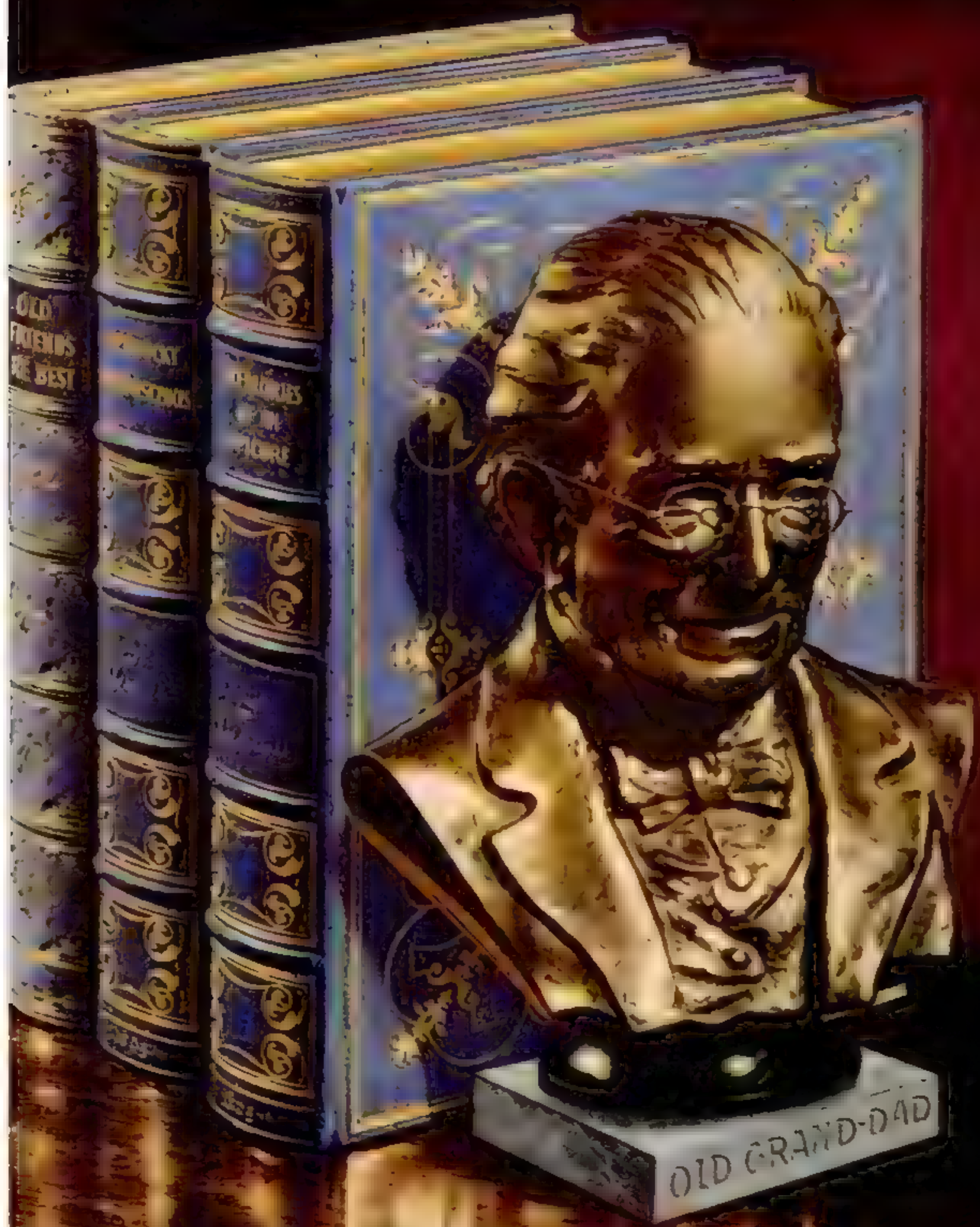
Street _____

City _____ State _____

(Please print name and address)

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

HEAD OF THE BOURBON FAMILY



BOTTLED IN BOND

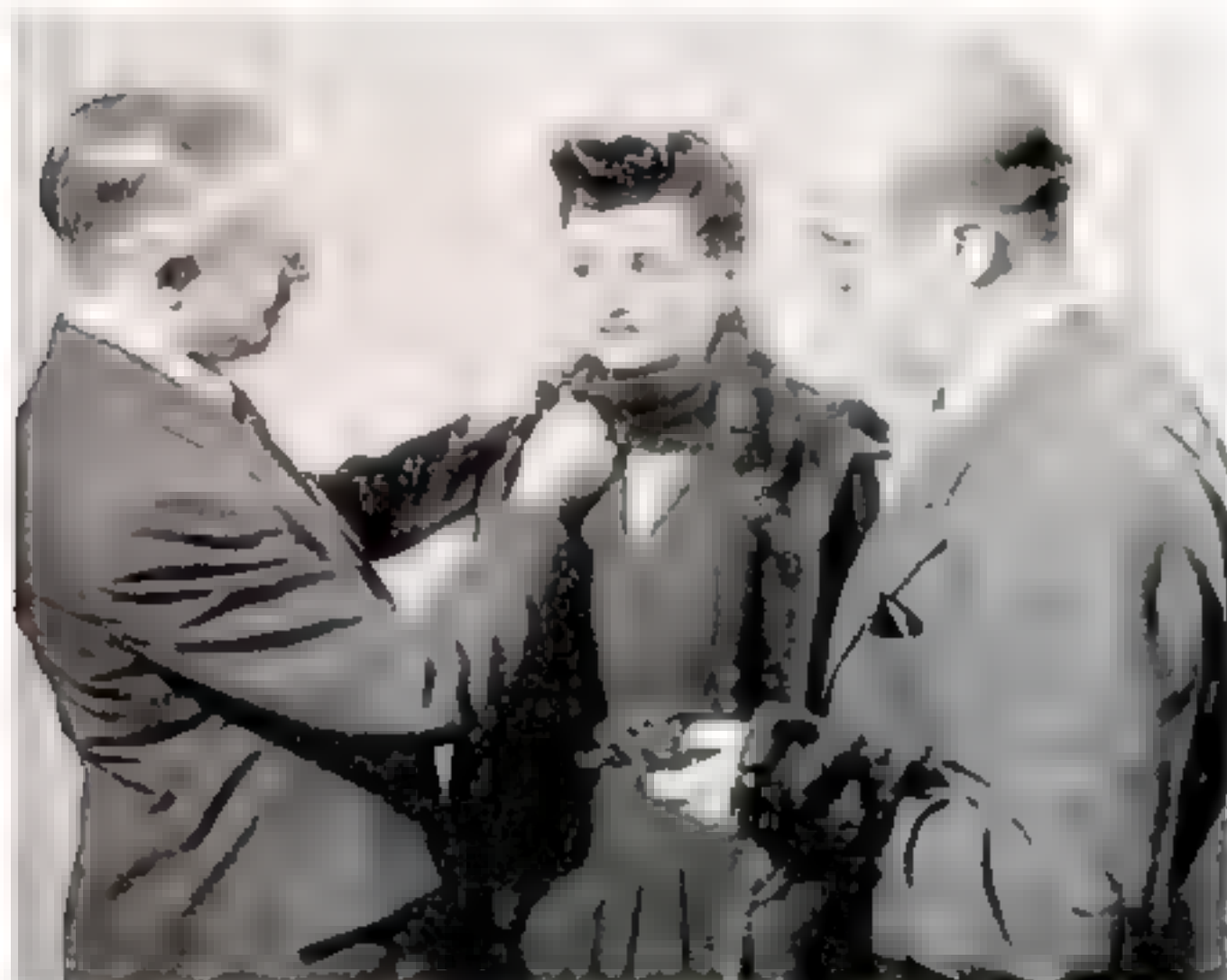
Boomtown Buyers (continued)



Corset Buyer Grace Kenfield inspects new bra-and-corset combination with drop seat, a great time saver for busy overalled women. Ample supply of corsets and bras are available since all new merchandise now uses only limited amount of elastic.



Hat sales are booming in Seattle. Typical of shopper's attitude is case of a Boeing worker who, in slacks, entered millinery department, said, "My husband makes \$430, I make \$250 a month. I've always wanted to own six hats. Now I can have them."



Fur Buyer Mark Troy stocks up on mink scarves. Store sells about 10 a week to war workers. Most workers start with a 3-skin scarf, add to it when flush. Single mink skins cost \$14 to \$29. The sales of furs in general showed 162% increase over 1939.

CONTINUE ON NEXT PAGE

DON'T FOOL WITH A COLD

Health authorities say: "In addition to temporary relief measures, start at once to help your system throw off the infection." Most of them agree on these 5 steps. And Lemons help with all 5.



AUTHORITIES SAY, DO THIS	HOW LEMONS HELP WITH ALL 5 STEPS
1 Keep warm; avoid further chill.	Hot lemonade is almost universally prescribed.
2 Eat lightly. Take plenty of liquids, especially citrus juices.	Lemon drinks go down easily— <i>taste good</i> even when you have a cold!
3 Get plenty of rest; overcome fatigue; build resistance.	Fresh lemon juice is one of the richest known sources of vitamin C, which <i>combats fatigue</i> . It is a primary <i>anti-infection</i> vitamin.
4 Keep elimination regular.	Lemon and soda (or lemon and plain water) is mildly laxative for most people. Gives gentle, natural aid.
5 Alkalinize your system.	Frequent glasses of lemon and soda, or lemon and water, are excellent to offset acid condition.
To gain the above benefits of lemons, start with a hot lemonade, then take lemon and soda (or lemon and plain water) every few hours as long as cold lasts. Try it! If cold does not respond, call your doctor.	

How to make Lemon & Soda



Pour juice of 1 lemon into half glass of water.

Add $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon baking soda (bicarbonate). Drink as foaming quiets.

Consumed at once soda does not appreciably reduce vitamin content.



DON'T WAIT FOR COLDS TO START!

Keep from getting run-down. Lemons, providing a natural alkalizer, a mild laxative and vitamin C protection *all in one*, can help you keep up to par. Millions now take this refreshing health drink daily. Try lemon and soda (or just lemon and plain water) each morning on arising.

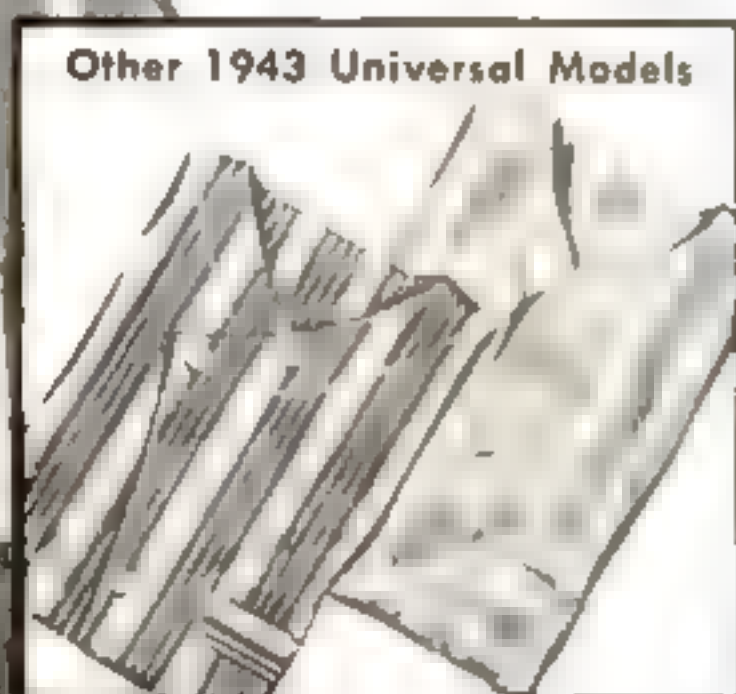
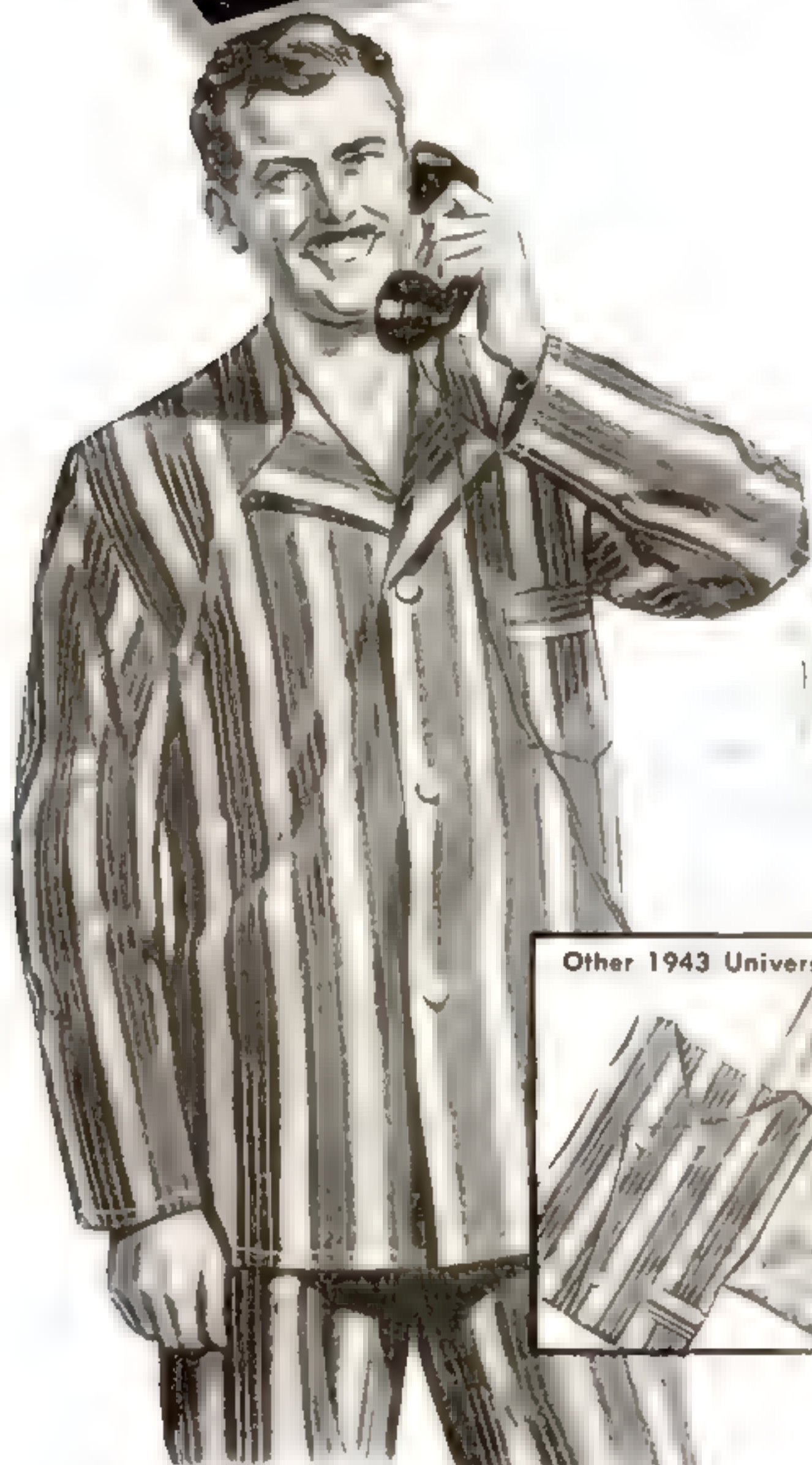
Copyright, 1943, California Fruit Growers Exchange

**WHEN YOU TAKE COLD
TAKE LEMONS!**



**Sunkist
Lemons**

"Today at the Duncans" — CBS, 6:15 P.M., E.T. — Fridays



Rest Time Is Universal Time!

Pajama favorite of the nation—popular with men whose rest hours are vital to America's wartime job! Millions *Rely on Reliance Universal, Nite-Tog and Rest-Rite Brand Pajamas*—for the solid comfort, the freedom, the ease of movement that spell complete relaxation. Reliance-made pajamas are yours in a wide selection of 1943 models and colors. Soft, long-wearing fabrics. Sold at popular prices by Reliance dealers everywhere.

RELIANCE MANUFACTURING COMPANY

212 W. Monroe St.—Chicago, Ill.
New York Office: 200 Fifth Ave.

MAKERS OF Big Yank Work Clothing
Aywon Shirts • No-Tare Shorts
Penrod Shirts for Boys
Ensenada Shirts and Slacks
Happy Home and Kay Whitney Frocks



Boomtown Buyers (continued)



Scissors buyer would like 5,000 pairs. Manufacturers accepted order from Charles McLaren, department head, first made him fill out complicated priority sheets and promised nothing. Probable delivery, 20. Also hard to buy are wire hangers, curlers.



Infant-wear Buyer Cima Clampet was saddest of all. She needs great quantities of all kinds of assorted baby merchandise. Her experience with safety pins was typical. She wanted 60 gross. Manufacturer offers her all he has—one pin, his last sample.



Bottles for Seattle's growing baby population are in great demand. Buyer wanted 1,200 of above with wide mouth, big nipple. She got 12. Small nipples can be had. Small bottles are scarce. Buyer suggests using nipples on Coca-Cola and beer bottles.



*"And just when we got
our new Red Goose shoes!"*



"HALL THE
PUR OF MAY 46
FEET"

**THESE SHOES HAVE "EXTRA VALUE" FEATURES
—FOR LONGER WEAR AND LASTING FIT!**

Buddy has the measles, all right! And his brother and sister are "disgusted." After all, hadn't they been looking forward to showing off their new Red Goose shoes?

But measles won't last forever. And how fortunate that Mother didn't buy ordinary juvenile footwear! For there is a big difference in boys' and girls' shoes. Red Goose and Friedman-Shelby shoes stand up far better because they have these "Extra Value" features—*inside and out*:

1. Honest construction with *finer* materials.
2. Leathers carefully selected to provide *utmost* value.

3. Painstaking and *detailed* workmanship.
4. Added *reinforcements* to help assure extra wear and lasting fit.

No wonder they hold their fit longer, wear longer, keep their good looks longer! The famous Red Goose or Friedman-Shelby trade-mark *on the shoe* is your assurance of "Extra Value" features—*inside and out*.

Remember, you can't judge shoes by outward appearances! Today, when it is important to get the most out of every pair, go to the dealer who features Red Goose or Friedman-Shelby boys' and girls' shoes. They're built to "take it" . . . yet cost no more!

Help Uncle Sam Save Leather! Buy Only Long-wearing Boys' and Girls' Shoes!



**RED GOOSE
SHOES**

FRIEDMAN-SHELBY SHOES

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS OF ALL AGES



Buy U. S. War Bonds
and Stamps



IN A WAR CORRESPONDENT'S UNIFORM, HURD STANDS BEFORE ONE OF HIS PAINTINGS

Peter Hurd

HE PAINTS U. S. AIRMEN

Recently Peter Hurd, 39-year-old American artist, returned from assignment in England. Commissioned by LIFE to paint the men and activities of the U. S. Army Air Forces Bomber Command, he was accredited by the Army as a war correspondent, allowed to live and work for five months with the airmen in the field. On the following pages are seven portraits done by him of typical officers and enlisted men whom he found there.

After his return to his ranch at San Patricio, N. M., where he is completing more Air Force paintings, Hurd wrote "Now, sitting here in the New Mexico sun, my experiences with these boys seem suddenly remote in time as well as in distance. They seem like a band of legendary heroes, although I know well that they themselves would be the first to scoff at such an idea. All in all, it was the biggest adventure I have ever had—living the life of constant excitement that is the life on a bomber station."

"They have the look of veterans, these youngsters in their late teens and early twenties. United in their supreme purpose, they have looked death in the face repeatedly and unflinchingly. They are invariably realists and know well the odds for and against their survival. But there is in them a will to endure—to endure beyond this struggle, if not as living men of flesh and blood, then in literature or in painting. So I had no lack of models."

"One thing was quickly apparent as I grew to know them well. There is no norm for a flier. They are of many types and classes and seem to have in common only courage, a love for flying and above all a belief in America's future as a free nation."

Since Hurd painted them, two of the seven men shown here have been reported missing in action. Lieut. Spire, navigator, was shot down over France and Lieut. Borders, pilot, disappeared during an operational flight.



AT BOMBER COMMAND STATION IN ENGLAND, OFFICERS WATCH PETER HURD AT WORK. HURD HIMSELF ATTENDED WEST POINT BUT RESIGNED IN TWO YEARS TO BE AN ARTIST



NAVIGATOR AND OPERATIONS OFFICER

Captain W. W. Foster of Greenville, S. C., is the navigator of an American Flying Fortress based in England, and also his squadron's operations officer. Peter Hurd has painted him in his flying clothes—warm sheepskin jacket, helmet and a white silk scarf. In the background a B-17 is taking off on a dawn raid, just

lifting from the runway into the pink and green sky. It has received its final instructions from the control tower to the right, part of the station at which Hurd lived and painted for weeks. Captain Foster's portrait was the first one painted. He sat for it between operational flights over the industrial towns of France.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



PILOT

Captain Fred W. Dallas is one of the many fabulous Texans in the U. S. Army Air Forces. He has a reputation as a "hot pilot," gained by flying his huge bomber at tree-top level over the homes of friends near American fields where he received his flight training. One day he had the bad luck to fly low over a party attended by his commanding general. For it he was grounded until his exuberance cooled. Today he uses his flying skill to keep his B-17, the *Peggy D*, in a tight defensive squadron formation so that all the guns of his squadron can be brought to bear most effectively against the swarms of Messerschmitts and Focke-Wulfs it meets over European targets.

Dallas wears the loose cap of the Air Forces, from which the inner brace has been removed to distinguish its wearer from members of the other branches of the Army. In the background, powerful and deadly in the blue sky, is his Fortress—something he prizes above all worldly things.

Captain Dallas' set, purposeful face is typical of the men Peter Hurd met at the bomber station. In painting it, he portrayed the ideals and unity of purpose of these young fliers who are involved in an emotional movement even greater than the Crusades. All of them are realists, essentially modest and imbued with a native bravery. All of them have faced death a hundred times.

NAVIGATOR

Lieutenant Harold Spire of Los Angeles was the oldest man to pose for Peter Hurd. In the Army Air Forces, a collection of young men, Spire was a gray-beard of 26. He was one of the most modest of his group, always praising a fellow flier for efficient work or some act of bravery. But none of his fellows was braver than he.

In one of the first raids conducted by Americans in B-17's over France, the pilot and copilot of his plane were hit by German gunfire. Lieut. Spire and the engineer took over the controls, removing the dead copilot from his seat. The seriously wounded pilot gave them directions in operating the plane and, by some miracle, the two novices brought the complicated bomber back over an English airfield and set her safely on the ground. For his act of heroism, Spire was awarded the Purple Heart.

"Shorty" Spire was painted in his service uniform, wearing his medal ribbon, against a background of windsock and runway. At each sitting, between flights, he kept asking Hurd to finish his portrait quickly so his mother might have a reproduction of it for herself. He must have had a premonition that something would happen for, on an operational raid, with one last sitting due, Shorty Spire and his Fortress were shot down over enemy-occupied France.



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



AERIAL GUNNER

Sergeant Mike Zuk, 19, is the youngest member of the Air Forces to pose for LIFE Artist Peter Hurd. He used to go to a Ford Motor Co. apprentice school in Detroit where he was learning to be a tool-and-die maker. When he joined the Army in December 1941, he was sent to the aerial gunnery school at Las Vegas, Nev. From there he went to England. When he first arrived at the bomber station there was no room for him in a Fortress crew, so he was put on an armament squad, charged with loading bombs and incendiaries and checking and testing the machine guns with which he is now so proficient. When a gunner's place opened up on the "Kissimee Kowboy," commanded by Lieut. Clarence Thacker of Kissimee, Fla., Zuk got his chance to fly.

Mike's job is the coldest and most exposed one in a heavy bomber. He hangs in his ball turret (*shown in the background*) beneath the belly of his B-17 ready to deal with any fighter making an attack at the plane's underside. He is joined to his plane by three long umbilical cords—a wire which heats his blue flying suit by conducting current from the bomber's generators, an oxygen line from the plane's tanks and an interphone communications wire. From his strange position he looks

down over the Channel and the fields of France, directing his power turret from side to side to better his aim. His two .50-cal. machine guns are a match for any German fighter.

To help Zuk and all ball-turret gunners keep their sense of direction in such an unnatural position, every Fortress has a red spot painted on the underside of the left wing and on the tail fin—a green spot on the right wing and right side of the tail fin. In the heat of battle, with commands from the pilot and other crew members coming thick and fast over the interphone, that is the only way the aerial gunner in the ball turret can be sure he knows which side is which.

When a Fortress squadron is tactically disposed by its commander in a defensive formation, its aerial gunners cover every angle of approach with deadly streams of cross fire. Their heavy machine guns usually outrange those of the enemy fighters and it is suicide for them to come too close. The secret of American high-level bombing success has been due to this fact, for even unescorted Fortresses can meet enemy fighters, hold them off until the bombs are accurately dropped and then fly safely back to their home bases, shooting down German planes on the way.



PILOT

Lieutenant Thomas Borders was once an All-America tackle from the University of Alabama, now pilots the "Birmingham Blitzkrieg." One of his crew, Sergeant West, a gunner, on Aug. 17, 1942 shot down the first German plane credited to a member of the Air Forces. Lieut. Borders is famous for his store

of humorous stories and always brings back vivid details of his exploits from his leaves in London. He was painted before a green field and a blue and brown camouflaged hangar of the station at which his squadron is based. His square jaw and large frame mark him as an athlete as well as an expert pilot.

CREW CHIEF

No one worries more when a bomber is in the air than its crew chief. He sits back at the base in a dispersal hut "sweating it out" while the crew members take it over the target. A typical crew chief is Tech. Sergeant Frank McCarter from Tennessee (*below*), who is in charge of the Flying For-

tress *Tankee Doodle*. It is his job to see that it is in perfect mechanical condition at all times. On him, in a large measure, depends the safety of the whole flying crew and the success of a mission. Sergeant Mac's alert face was painted before the Fortress whose care is entrusted to his loving and capable hands.





BOMBARDIER

Lieutenant Carl E. Schultz from Detroit, Mich. is the squadron's chief bombardier. This means that he is in the lead ship of the first flight of three bombers in his squadron and so is the first man over the target. He flew in this position in the first American heavy bomber raid over Rouen. In this series of portraits, Peter Hurd, like a Renaissance painter, has included background details relative to his subjects' professions. For instance, in front of Lieut. Schultz, with just a corner showing, is his bombsight, the delicate instrument with which he lays his

bombs exactly on the target from altitudes as high as 30,000 ft. Beyond him are the white clouds and greenish-blue skies found at his usual working altitudes.

Lieut. Schultz is not wearing heavy flying clothes in his Plexiglas nose as this part of the bomber is well heated. He may keep his warm suit near him for use in emergencies, in case gun fire damages or breakdown interferes with plane's heating equipment. To his right is a machine gun, sometimes used by himself, at other times by a gunner on enemy fighters attacking the "Yankee Doodle" head-on



THIS IS A QUICK SKETCH FOR PAINTING ON PAGE 67

STUDY OF EGG-HALE WAS DONE WITH PEN AND INK

HURD DREW THIS OF DRIVER WAITING FOR AN OFFICER



PETER HURD'S SKETCHBOOK

IT IS FULL OF QUICK NOTES

The pictures on this page are quick thumbnail sketches of the U.S. Air Forces from Peter Hurd's notebook. To catch these men in action, he always had this sketchbook with him and notes like these helped him make paintings shown on the preceding pages.

From the first sketch on this page he worked out the portrait of Captain Foster (page 67). Note how, in finished picture, he added control tower from sketch on the bottom of this page (left). This same sketch

came in handy when he did portrait of Lieutenant Spore (page 69) in which he included the windsock.

But when he began his final paintings Hurd—who mixes his colors with fresh egg yolks, found that eggs are rationed in England. Unable to get fresh eggs, Hurd hit on the idea of using dry egg powder, which he got from the Army canteen, and he set to work with some misgivings. The pictures on the preceding pages prove that his inventive hunch was all right.



MORALE IS A LOT OF LITTLE THINGS

"I LOVE MY DAD... I'm glad he's mine... I want him for... my Valentine."

And that, you can be sure, is the most important thing in Mr. Gordon's mail this morning!

We all know why. We all know how much little things can mean to us—especially nowadays.

Small acts of kindness... a new tie your wife "just couldn't resist"... a picture from Tommy with a new stripe on his sleeve...

A lot of little things... They help you over the rough spots—they help to keep morale up.

☆ ☆ ☆

It happens that millions of Americans attach a special value to their right to enjoy a refreshing glass

of beer... in the company of good friends... with wholesome American food... as a beverage of moderation after a good day's work.

A small thing, surely—not of crucial importance to any of us. And yet—morale is a lot of little things like this. Little things that help to lift the spirits, keep up the courage. Little things that are part and parcel of our own American way of life.

And, after all, aren't they among the things we fight for?

A cool, refreshing glass of beer—a moment of relaxation... in trying times like these they too help to keep morale up



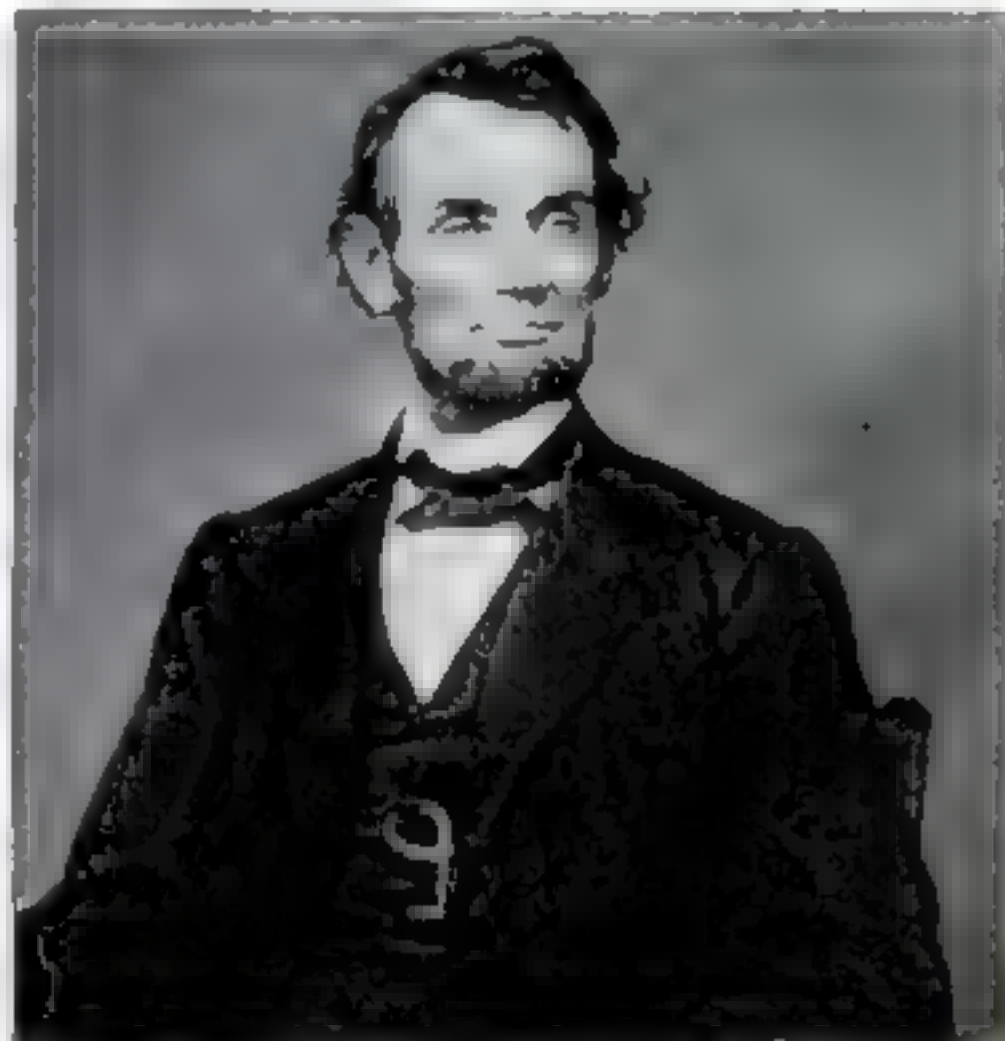
A. LINCOLN

and his wartime associates

These pictures of President Abraham Lincoln and members of his Civil War cabinet are from the vast storehouse of American photographs collected by Frederick H. Meserve of New York City. No one would guess from these pictures that Lincoln and his cabinet sometimes laughed at a good joke. Some people were indignant during the Civil War because Lincoln often sought relaxation by telling

a funny story. The limited camera technique of the 1860's did not capture such informal moments; of the 92 known photographs of Lincoln, not one shows him smiling. But as character studies, these photographs by Mathew Brady, Alexander Gardner and others are equal to any.

Other photographs of Lincoln's associates during Civil War years appear on the following page.



Abraham Lincoln sat for this picture by the famous Mathew Brady on Feb. 9, 1864, three days before his 55th birthday.



Hannibal Hamlin, Lincoln's first Vice President, was used by Lincoln as sounding board on political matters.



William H. Seward, Secretary of State, was Lincoln's closest, most trusted adviser. Lincoln called him "Governor."



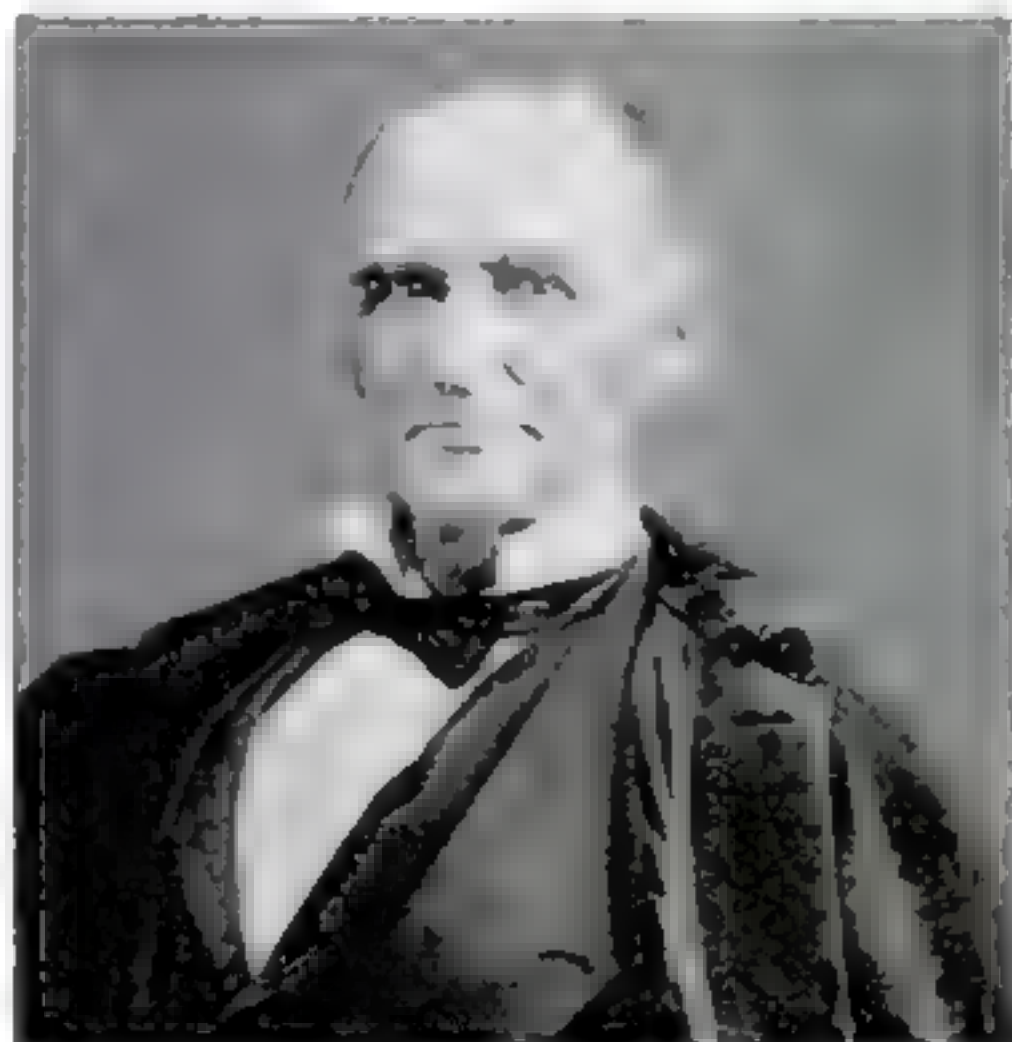
Salmon P. Chase, Secretary of the Treasury, was able and politically ambitious. Lincoln gave him free hand on finance.



Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War, was ruthless, quarrelsome, but effective. Lincoln trusted him completely.



Edward Bates, Attorney General and father of 17 children, wrote in a diary that Lincoln lacked "nerve" to be drastic.



Montgomery Blair, Postmaster General and political boss, involved Lincoln in many rows, finally resigned in 1864.



Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy, ran his department efficiently but was jealous of Seward and Stanton.



Caleb Smith, Lincoln's first Secretary of the Interior, was a strictly political appointee. He was replaced in 1862.



Mary Todd Lincoln, the President's wife, indulged in the clothes and heavy trappings.



John G. Nicolay, Lincoln's private secretary, resented postmaster's interference with his work.



John Hay, another Presidential secretary, nicknamed President Lincoln "Fido."



Vice President Andrew Johnson became President after Lincoln was slain in 1865.



Stephen A. Douglas, Illinois Senator, ran against Lincoln in 1860, backed by powerful...



Schuyler Colfax, Speaker of House of Representatives, was a Radical Republican.



Admiral David G. Farragut, U.S. Navy, won New Orleans and Mobile Bay.



Admiral David D. Porter, U.S. Navy, won Lake Vicksburg, U.S. Navy, Fort Fisher.



General U. S. Grant came out of the West in 1864 and took command of Union armies.



General William T. Sherman conceived and led famous march through Georgia.



General Philip Sheridan, U.S. Cavalry, scoured the Shenandoah Valley.



General George B. McClellan headed Army of Potomac for 15 months in U.S.



The Supreme Court in 1865 included five Lincoln appointees. Shown are Clerk D. W. McMillton (standing), Assoc-

iate Justice Davis, Swayne, Chief Justice Chase, Associate Justice Nelson, Clifford, Miller, Field

Chief, ex-Secretary of Treasury (see p. 77), was chairman in 1864. Other Lincoln appointees Davis, Swayne, Miller, Field.

SAY, FOLKS— DOES THIS QUIZ STUMP YOU?

**Q. WHAT DOG FOOD IS NOW
BETTER THAN EVER?**

Rollo St. Bernard: Red Heart! It's the same good, wholesome dog food—with moisture removed by genuine dehydration so that one carton of Red Heart Dehydrated equals 2½ cans of canned Red Heart in food value.



**Q. DOES RED HEART DEHYDRATED DOG FOOD
HAVE APPETIZING TASTE VARIETY?**

Flozie Pekingese: Certainly! You still get the taste variety that dogs "go for" in a big way—3 delicious flavors—beef, fish, and cheese.



**Q. WHAT DOES DEHYDRATION DO
TO THE VITAMINS IN RED HEART?**

Bill Boston: It saves 'em. Red Heart Dehydrated now contains more vitamin benefits than ever because it is dehydrated by the slow, low-temperature method.



**Q. HAS RED HEART DEHYDRATED
BEEN THOROUGHLY TESTED?**

Don Boxer: Yes sir! It's laboratory tested and kennel proved. Tests show that dams maintain weight during lactation and puppies make remarkable gains on a diet of nothing but Red Heart Dehydrated.



**Q. IS RED HEART DEHYDRATED
CLEAN AND WHOLESOME?**

Boots Cocker: Only federally inspected meats and meat by-products are used in making America's most popular dog food.



Q. IS RED HEART DEHYDRATED EASY TO FEED?
Pat Setter: Why you just add water! Red Heart absorbs it in a few seconds. No waiting! No fuss! No bother!



COSTS LESS!

Each big 12-ounce carton equals
2½ cans of canned Red Heart in food value

BUY ALL 3 FLAVORS AND FEED IN ROTATION

**RED
HEART**

**THE GENUINE
DEHYDRATED
3-FLAVOR DOG FOOD**

NOTICE!

In spite of tremendous processing and packaging changes, everything possible is being done to hasten distribution of Red Heart DEHYDRATED Dog Food. If your grocer does not have it please be assured that we will do our level best to supply him as soon as possible.



"ARE YOU SURE SHE USES
BABY-GENTLE SWAN?"



COME ON, JUNIOR!
THERE'S SWAN APLENTY
HERE—'CAUSE IT'S PURER
THAN FINEST CASTILES!



JUNIOR: Not that I want to be fussy. But up there where I came from, they put a lot of stress on purity—and I hear there's no purer soap than Swan!

SWAN: Right, Junior. Swan's purer than the finest castiles. Mild as a May morning, too! Yessir,

your Ma and Swan will keep you right in the pink!

JUNIOR: Sounds like my Ma is kinda smart!

SWAN: Smart? Say—one dishpanful of baby-gentle Swan suds, and she was through with strong packaged soaps for good! She lets Swan polish up the dishes, pamper her pretty hands, do all the dirty work! Beauty *and* brains—that's her!

JUNIOR: What about the Old Man?

SWAN: Right now, he's in a lather—and loves it! You see, those extra-rich, extra-lively Swan suds

make his morning shower really something! Says he steps out feeling like a million!

JUNIOR: Say—speaking of money, how's he fixed?

SWAN: Should be O.K.—he's thrifty! Another reason he's keen for Swan is because it gives him more real soap per penny than any leading toilet soap tested.

JUNIOR: Gee! Smart, handsome, thrifty—Doc, you certainly picked the right family!

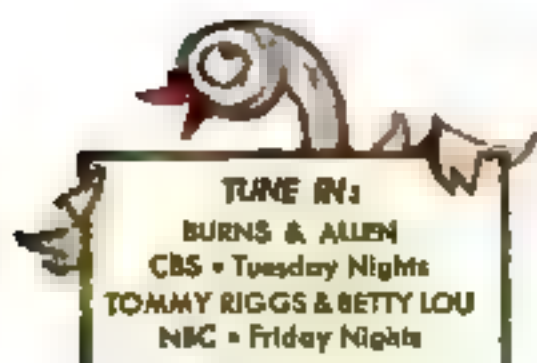
STORK: I always do, Junior—I always do!

PURER THAN FINEST CASTILES!

SWAN
FLOATING SOAP



"HA! LOOK WHAT
I GOT FOR BEING
SO GOOD!"



TUNE IN:
BURNS & ALLEN
CBS • Tuesday Nights
TOMMY RIGGS & BETTY LOU
NBC • Friday Nights

MADE BY LEVER BROTHERS CO. CAMBRIDGE, MASS.



POLE LINEMEN, TRAINING AT CAMP CROWDER, MO., PRACTICE THE ART OF CLIMBING WITH SPURS. POLE LINES ARE STRUNG AS SOON AS THEATER OF ACTION IS STABILIZED

SIGNAL CORPS

IT FIGHTS THE BATTLE OF COMMUNICATIONS

An army, scattered and hidden in the confusion of battle over hundreds of square miles of terrain, is knit together and tied to the will of its commander by a web of radio waves, telephone, telegraph and teletype wires, by light beams, flares, rockets, ground panels and couriers. This communications network, established by its signal corps, is an army's nervous system. Its circuits are charged with reconnaissance reports of threats and opportunities and with the headquarters' reflex of plans and commands to action. These are the most urgent and secret of messages, dangerous if they arrive late or garbled, disastrous if they are betrayed to the enemy. Speed and precision of communications is the prime index of an army's fighting vitality. Failure of communications is the first symptom of crack-up.

The crossed flags as the heraldic device of the U. S. Army Signal Corps are testimony to the inventive-

ness of Major Albert Myer, first Chief Signal Officer (1800), who devised the "wigwag" system of transmitting telegraph codes. For many U. S. citizens wigwag plus pigeons still sums up the functions, duties and equipment of the Signal Corps. Because of the very nature of its business—involving the security of every other arm and service—the Signal Corps has been a notably silent branch of the Army.

Actually, war and the Signal Corps have had a crucial role in every major advance in U. S. communications. Major Myer supplemented wigwag with a grid of telegraph wires that was the starting point of post-Civil War progress. In 1917, the Signal Corps strung a telephone line across the full breadth of France, from Brest to Luxembourg, and helped launch the radio industry. The Signal Corps today, under command of Major General Dawson Olmstead, is spending over \$5,000,000 a day on the production and development

of radio and electrical devices, the names of which cannot even be mentioned until after the war.

To service the Army, deployed in global war, the Signal Corps operates a communications net which includes miles of transcontinental and oceanic wire and cable, more than 300 radio stations, and compares not unfavorably in size with the commercial telephone and radio giants. The Signal Corps, indeed, has been called the "Bell System in uniform." The nucleus of its officers and men are performing much the same duties as they did in the nation's telephone, telegraph and radio industries.

With the U. S. Army Air Forces, which is the Signal Corps' own offspring, it shares the additional chores of providing the Army with photographic and meteorological services. For the Air Forces, the Signal Corps sets up and operates the aircraft warning centers with their secret aircraft detection devices.

SIGNAL CORPS (continued)

SIGNAL CENTER IS COMBAT UNIT

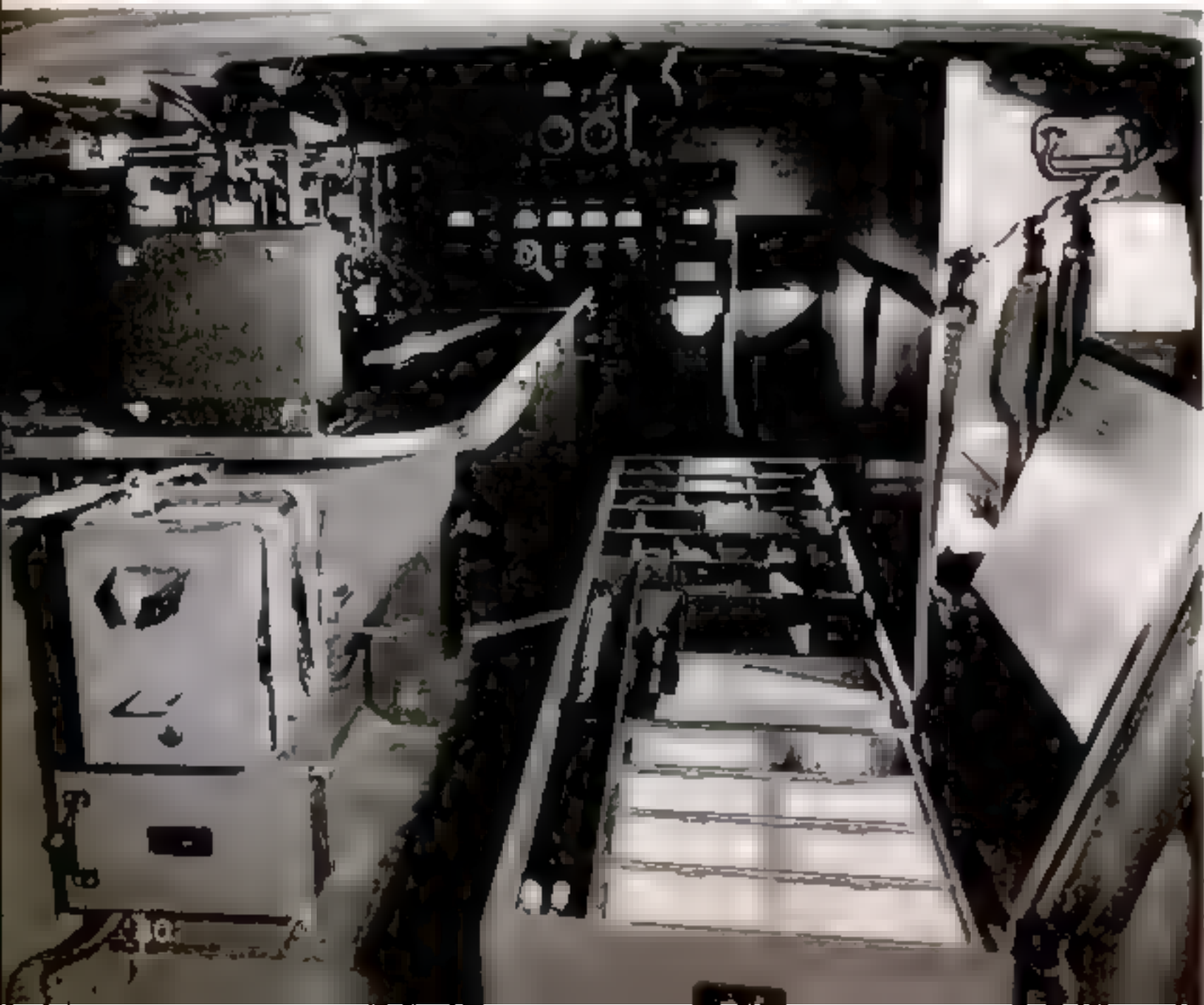
Like the Field Artillery battery, the basic operational unit of the Signal Corps is the signal center. Set up in various strengths, it is the clearinghouse for all communications within and between armies, corps and divisions. For units smaller than a division, the Corps provides only equipment, training and key personnel. Through a signal center, and out onto all the alternate channels that the Signal Corps can hook in, goes every single official communication of its unit. The center chief, who may be an enlisted man and know more about the overall plan than the regimental colonels, is responsible for the security and accuracy in transmission of the most awesome decisions a general may make.

In selecting the channel for a given message, he balances considerations of security and speed. Most convenient but least safe is radio telephony. Radio telegraphy is usually in code. Similarly, the telephone is less secure than wire telegraphy. The teletypewriter, now standard equipment, combines advantages of speed and security. Final reliance for security is on code or cipher.

The signal center, with its nearby radio station and telephone switchboard, is a rewarding target for enemy batteries and bombers. Its destruction frustrates miles of laborious wire-laying and forces command onto the less secure radio channels. In recognition of their combat role, all Signal Corps personnel are now armed.



Mobile radio station, this truck-mounted transmitter and receiver is deluxe Signal Corps outfit. Generator is slung in trailer gives it great range. Under seat, tools and tucked away in every nook and cranny, it carries a complete duplicate of itself in spare parts.



Telephone switchboard is here set up as in actual field situation in house near the signal center. It carries all the work of the switchboard and it carries a large number of cables and wires.

Portable generator for radio station, powered by a small engine, is set up in a small house. Inside, the operator is adjusting power controls. The switch is in the middle of the right.





on ground to command posts and back, perhaps on pole lines, to higher comm and headquarters. In leather case on wire spool (right) is field telephone set which needs only to be clipped on wire.

Radio station is concealed in the cold cellar of an abandoned barnhouse. Cable on steps leads to power-control unit (left). Dispersal of equipment assures that one channel will survive shelling.



Signal center site may be the roomy schoolhouse of an abandoned village, such as shown here or simply a convenient spot in the woods. At other sites nearby, the telephone and radio crews install their equipment. Somewhere in the vicinity is the army or divisional command post.



Signal center moves in on a truck. In operation (below) the center is a speedy assembly line for proof-reading, encoding, filing and dispatching of messages. In background are telegrapher (right) and teletype operator (center). At the left, a motorcycle courier gets his orders.





Teletypewriter tape takes message on system of perforations. Fed into automatic teletypewriter, the message on the tape is transposed into printed copy. Trained operator can read the tape.



"Handie-talkie," fraction of weight and size of the famous walkie-talkie, is new Signal Corps development. Finger pressure on trigger cuts in transmitting system for two-way conversation.



Blinker lights, shining from Camp Crowder mural, give students practice in receiving International Morse code. Soldier must be able to send and receive 20 words a minute and 25 average

messages an hour with absolute accuracy to qualify as Signal Corps operator. The Corps prefers stable, medium-speed operators, is suspicious of "dit-happy" men who break world records



Aircraft warning devices, represented by sighting tubes, take bearings on attacking planes, simulated by walkie-talkie mounted on toy wagon. Readings are reported to plotting boards.

(below) This ingenious setup approximates actual conditions for exercise of plotters. Aircraft-warning school trains operators and installer-repairmen to man units attached to field forces.

HIGH-SCHOOL BOYS BECOME TECHNICIANS

The complexity of its equipment and functions gives the Signal Corps a high priority on the Army's top-graded personnel. To train them, it is operating the equivalent of a score of technical high schools and at least one technical college in four big training camps. Less than a year old and already the alma mater of thousands of graduates is the Central Signal Corps Training Center at Camp Crowder, near Neosho, Mo., under the command of Major General Walter Prosser,

where pictures for this photographic essay were taken.

Signal Corps teaching techniques rank high in the educational revolution launched by the Army's training program. At Crowder, the soldier sets his own learning pace, moving on to next principle only when he has shown that he has mastered the last one, on paper and in laboratory. In three months, Crowder is sure that it can train the average high-school boy in any one of the exacting crafts of radio and wire communication.



Filter boards sort out reports from warning stations and civilian spotting posts, attempt to set up clear picture of actual situation. Men on bridge relay picture to operations board *(right)*.



Operations board plots course of attack and interception groups. In actual combat, commanders of armed forces and civil defense make decisions on basis of situation presented on board.

RADIO HELPS SPOT TARGETS



Direction-finding radio, for semi-permanent installation, is set up for operation in field. The long antenna arm, suggestive of an optical range finder, is swung by operator inside the shelter. Set at right angle to path of enemy signal it gets maximum reception and hence the bearing of the enemy transmitting station.

This, as has been so often stated, is a physicist's war. The major current developments in the technology of warfare relate not to more deadly explosives and gases, but to instruments for precise fire control, for detection of enemy ships and planes, for exposure of his communications. This is, therefore, a Signal Corps war. When the full story is told at the war's end, it will be clear that the U. S. Army Signal Corps rose to the occasion. In its own laboratories with several thousand employees at work and in the physics laboratories of a score of universities and industrial plants, under its own and the Office of Scientific Research and Development contracts, the Signal Corps is engineering the latest discoveries of frontier researchers into dependable and effective combat devices.

Shown here is one type of combat device — the radio direction finder—by which the Signal Corps fights the battle of communications. Two or three of them, taking bearings on an enemy radio station, can plot its location well within the pattern of a cleanly laid barrage. Similar U. S. Army Signal Corps instruments in World War I helped lay the final plans for the St. Mihiel drive, by establishing the location of German radio transmitters and hence the strength and disposition of the German divisions on that front.

In the hands of aggressive signal intelligence officers even the routine channels of communications assume formidable offensive power. In preparation for the 1918 Meuse-Argonne battle, the Signal Corps laid a false radio and wire net in the Beaumont-Fresnes sector. For the gullible enemy monitors, the complete plans for a fake attack were rehearsed in elementary cipher, with the result that two German divisions were held in reserve miles from the path of the actual drive.



Location of enemy station is here demonstrated by two Signal Corps direction-finding radio sets. Ring antenna on portable set in foreground works on same principle as long antenna of

big set in picture above and in the background of this picture. Through surveyor's transit mounted in ring, operator may actually see enemy station. Intersection of bearing lines

from two sets marks location of target station. Bearing from third direction finder would box it in small triangle. Since the target station is probably mobile, quick action follows.



Sand-table situation elucidates location of direction-finding radio sets around small airport. Note models of three larger, semi-permanent sets and one of a portable unit spotted on

table. At war strength, Signal Corps officers include executives and engineers of operating and manufacturing companies of communications industry, who held reserve commissions.

As civilians, many of them collaborated with regular officers in development of equipment they are now using. In addition, for its intelligence work, Signal Corps boasts many linguists.



VALLETTA, MALTA'S CAPITAL, IS RUINS. ELEVATOR IN BACKGROUND CARRIED PEOPLE FROM SHORE TO UPPER CITY



THIS WAS AN OPERA HOUSE. VALLETTA'S BUILDINGS WERE

MALTA WINS THE SIEGE

On ruined cities the beleaguered fortress now mounts an offensive
by JACK BELDEN



Jack Belden, roving correspondent for LIFE and Time, is a 33-year-old graduate of Colgate. In 1937 he left his position as professor of English at a Peking university to cover the invasion of China.

Since then he has been in the thick of the fighting on all fronts. He lost so much weight on General Stilwell's famous trek from Burma that the rings fell from his fingers. He has just returned to Cairo from a trip to Malta.

Cairo (by cable)

One year ago the Luftwaffe was just setting out to reduce Malta by the most concentrated air blitz of the war. For three months the little island was pounded steadily until most of the Maltese were driven underground and 75% of the buildings in the capital were demolished. After 4,000 bomber sorties against the island in one month, the way for invasion seemed prepared. In the underground caverns tunneled from the medieval stone forts of the Knights of Malta, weary British staff officers took stock of the damage and ordered every soldier to action stations. Grimly the garrison made ready to meet an air or seaborne invasion from Sicily.

That invasion never came. Like the invasion of England, it was never attempted. Probably only the Axis leaders know why.

Now it will not be attempted. For at last the long siege of Malta has been raised. By driving Rommel back to his last lair in Tunisia and conquering the long African coastline, General Montgomery has snatched Malta from the jaws of the enemy.

Overnight Malta has become one of the best offensive springboards of Anglo-American power. Pivoting on it, an aerial force for three months on an ever-increasing scale has been striking south, west and north against Tripolitania, Tunisia, Sardinia, Sicily and Italy. From its rocky, defiladed coasts, from its torn airfields, from its wracked harbor and its ruined towns may soon spring a spearhead for the long-awaited invasion of Southern Europe.

The sudden offensive turn-around of Malta is one of the most dramatic incidents of three and a half years of war. Alone among Britain's island

fortresses it has held out. Hong Kong fell after two weeks of siege. Singapore lasted only a few days. Only Malta has held the fort long enough to be relieved and to mount an offensive from the ashes of her ruins.

Properly speaking, the real siege of the island did not start until last year. All that had gone before was merely practice.

It was around the first of the year that the Luftwaffe moved into Italian airdromes on Sicily and set about a systematic blitz. Week by week the attack was stepped up until Malta was being pounded by an average of 175 bombers a day. One day in March the island was under alert for 21½ hours out of 24. Throughout the month the island was alerted for 371½ hours or the equivalent of 15 days' continuous alert.

After April 1, except for three days of bad weather, Malta lived constantly underground. Normally there were heavy raids for breakfast, lunch and tea. On April 7 alone it was estimated that 1,000,000 lb. of bombs were dropped.

The Maltese learned to keep on working during ordinary alerts. Dockyard workers, ignoring the warning sirens, posted their children at advantageous spots to watch for the red flag that announced the actual approach of bombers. Just before the bombers roared in, childish voices could be heard yelling "danger, danger!" and everyone ran to shelters.

For a while, the Germans had almost complete control of the air over Malta. The defenders fell back on Army ack-ack gunners. In one 72-hour period the Maltese and British gunners stood behind their guns for 68 hours. The sky was so thick with planes that they could not feed guns fast



CALLED THE MOST HARMONIOUS ARCHITECTURE IN EUROPE



IN 2,000 RAIDS LAST YEAR, 10,000 TONS OF AXIS BOMBS FELL ON ISLAND OF MALTA. THIS CAT IS NOT A MALTESE

enough with ammunition. The wives of the Maltese dockyard workers formed lines and passed shells up to the gunners. These were used up so fast and reserves were running so low that each gun had to be restricted to firing a certain number of rounds a day.

The war's deadliest ack-ack

April was the worst month. On May 9 a new consignment of Spitfires flew into Malta and the next day the most decisive battle up to that time was fought over the island and the near-by sea. A convoy bringing Bofors ammunition for ack-ack guns had arrived in the harbor and 60 German bombers flew in to attack it. The army laid down a smokescreen and the officers lifted the restriction on the use of ammunition to save the convoy. The Axis planes that survived what has been called the most concentrated ack-ack fire ever known, were slaughtered by the newly arrived Spits. Nearly 50 enemy planes were brought down into the sea or on the island while 5,000 Maltese lined the shores and howled at the downed enemy airmen.

After that the blitz quickly subsided. In June the Luftwaffe transferred its main strength in the Mediterranean from Sicily to Crete. For the moment, Malta was saved.

Counting up the damage, the Maltese found that, despite the material wreckage, casualties were almost unbelievably low. Throughout the two and a half years of bombing, the Axis had lost as many air crewmen over Malta as there had been total casualties killed and wounded on the island.

In these light casualties are hidden some of the

reasons for Malta's survival. Garrison officers say today that Malta was saved by three things:

1. It didn't catch fire. (If towns had been built of wood the garrison would have been forced to surrender.)
2. The rocky character of the island provided opportunity for building shelters for most of the population.
3. There was no civilian movement for capitulation.

The first two reasons for Malta's survival are apparent. The third is not. If ever a place were ripe before the war for fifth columnism, Malta was it. Not only were there active Axis agents on the island but there were many Italian sympathizers. These believed Mussolini wouldn't bomb Malta. When he did they quickly threw in their lot with the British and loyal Maltese.

Gradually the Maltese came to know the British better. Before the war most of the garrison had kept aloof. The officers had their own clubs and their own dances. Social life with the Maltese was practically nonexistent. But when the clubs were bombed, when the dances ceased, and when the garrison was scattered defensively over a wider area of the island, the British began to mingle more with the Maltese, to make friends, and even to marry. More than 200 soldiers of one infantry battalion alone have married Maltese girls since the war began.

Gradually the garrison and the people discovered they had a common aim. Today you can hear some of them say, "We don't think we'll find a better nation than the British to govern us. If the island is lost to the Axis we lose everything."

After the blitz ended in May, the Maltese re-

joined. But the British officers knew that Malta's peril was greater than ever. Rommel had captured Tobruk and was driving on Egypt. The British had lost control of the Mediterranean. Probably the only reason the Germans gave up the blitz was that they felt they could lay siege to Malta and starve the island out. That, at least, is what they next tried.

The hills of Malta are rocky and infertile. Earth was brought in ships to the island at great trouble and expense by the Knights of Malta during the 16th Century. Malta is almost entirely dependent on the outside world for grain, meat, butter, cheese, coal, gasoline and all finished goods.

The serious battle to supply Malta began in June. One convoy started out from the Eastern Mediterranean, another from Gibraltar in the west.

A tremendous struggle developed. The Italian

CONTINUED ON PAGE 12



Malta lies in Mediterranean narrows between Sicily and Africa, in position to command Axis supply lines.

"I'M HUNGRY!"



Well, bless your little heart! Did you ever hear how we take care of that at Clapp's?



1. Did you ever meet a beautiful beet? The finest, rosiest, yummiest beets you ever saw are the ones that go into Clapp's Baby Foods. (All the vegetables and fruits for Clapp's have got to be super-wonderful.)



2. Did you ever thank a kettle? A hungry baby ought to! Especially those special kettles used at Clapp's! They cook your food in a very special way. The air's kept out—the vitamins and minerals kept in your food. (Where they belong!)



3. Did you ever love a lamb? You'll see that it's fun to be hungry when you taste the lamb that's used in Clapp's Lamb with Vegetables. It's extra-special, tender spring lamb—full of nourishment so you'll grow big and strong!



4. Did you ever examine a doctor? We do at Clapp's! We cross-examine doctors to find out what they think about foods for babies. And we make Clapp's Baby Foods exactly the way they recommend. (But exactly!)



5. Did you ever see a happy strainer? Clapp's strainers are wonderfully happy. They know they're straining foods just right for hungry babies—not too fine, not too coarse. (Clapp's junior foods are made with a coarser texture—halfway between strained foods and regular grown-up foods.)



6. Did you ever hire a cook? You'd choose Clapp's! For Clapp's are specialists in baby foods. We make nothing else but! You can bet we know all the secrets of making food taste good to babies!



7. Did you ever measure a smile? It starts at the right ear and goes clear around to the left—on a baby who's been eating Clapp's.



8. Did you ever count Clapp's Baby Foods? There are 18 varieties of strained foods for young babies... 15 varieties of junior foods for older babies... and 2 marvelous kinds of cereal—Clapp's Instant Cereal and Clapp's Instant Oatmeal. Try them. And you'll see for yourself why 'Babies Take to Clapp's'!



SIEGE OF MALTA (continued)

Fleet came out to intercept one of the convoys. A horde of Messerschmitts and bombers swarmed out of Crete and the coast of Africa to attack the other. So severe was this attack that the destroyer escort used up most of its ammunition fighting off the attacking planes. Before it got halfway to Malta the convoy from the east turned back. The other fared little better. Despite air cover, part of the convoy was sunk.

One day late in June two ships staggered into Malta. The Army, Navy and civilians rushed to the docks and worked cooperatively to unload the ships. The wives carried food to dockyard workers, who paused only momentarily to bite off a chunk of bread before turning back to unload more food from the ships.

Just how low the food was at the time few people on the island knew. One who did know was the governor, Lord Gort. Arriving in May, he immediately tackled the supply situation. In the words of one observer, "He made everything go three times what it had before. If we were going to starve, he at least insured that we all starve together."

Realizing that undernourished people must conserve their energy, Gort attempted to ease up on the life of enlisted men. Physical training drills were abolished. Everyone was told to husband his strength.

Gort hadn't been long on the island before the people began calling him "Malta's luck." "We knew," said a Maltese, "that Gort would produce no Singapores. We knew he would take us to the limit of Malta's endurance."

Gort made no bones of the fact that Malta couldn't endure forever. He told the people that he was rationing food and aiming at a "target date." Beyond that target date there would be no bread and the island presumably would have to surrender.

"Target date" draws near

In August that target date was drawing nearer. Supplies from ships that had survived the blitz on the June convoy had not relieved the basic shortage on an island populated with a quarter-million people. There was no fuel for the power station, little kerosene or paraffin for cooking. Children were tearing doors and windows from bombed houses and gathering firewood for their mothers' cooking. Gasoline was almost gone. This meant that soon pilots might not fly, but worst of all it meant that soon people could not cook their food.

London was fully aware of the situation. A convoy of 14 ships left England, loaded with food, fuel and ammunition. As it rounded Gibraltar and steamed into the Mediterranean, a large escort of destroyers threw a screen around it and an aircraft carrier kept a protective cover of planes in the air. At this juicy piece of meat the Axis licked its chops and came in to gobble it up. The Italians sent subs and boats after it. As the convoy came near Sicily, the Luftwaffe took to the air and one of the biggest convoy battles ever seen in the Mediterranean began.

In the narrow Sicilian channel the merchantmen and their escort were mercilessly hammered. Food ships were scattered and sunk. Gasoline ships exploded and covered the sea with burning oil. A few badly scarred ships managed to make port at Malta. Among them, however, were no petrol ships.

Somewhere out at sea the badly damaged American tanker *Ohio* was making the last despairing effort to get her cargo to Malta. Bombed fore and aft, with a hole from a torpedo through her middle, she was barely moving and was completely lost from her escort.

The anxious island officials, knowing that the *Ohio* with her cargo of gasoline almost held the life of the island in her holds, hung on the radio waiting word from the tanker's captain.

A message announced: "I am making three and a half knots."

The officials cheered.

Another message came in: "I am being attacked from the air."

Officials groaned.

Still a third message: "My steering gear is gone. My gyro compass is out. I am drifting. Where am I?"

While Malta was sending out planes to seek the stricken tanker, the *Ohio's* crew was on the verge of abandoning the ship. Suddenly a destroyer came in sight. The crew took heart and stuck to their posts. Then another destroyer, crowded like the first with survivors from sunk merchantmen, came up. Between the two warships the *Ohio* was firmly secured and the strange trio headed toward Malta like the lame leading the blind.

The German planes swooped in low from Sicily and began dropping mines. From Grand Harbor the British minesweepers went out to clear the way for the approaching tanker and destroyers. An air battle raged above the ships. The island officials crowded to the cliffs of Grand Harbor, scarcely daring to believe the tanker could make port.

On Aug. 15, the day known as *Santa Maria* or Feast of our Lady, the *Ohio* crawled into Grand Harbor, tied up to the pier and settled wearily but triumphantly on the harbor bottom. Her decks were barely enough above the water to allow the precious cargo of gasoline to be taken out.

That day the *Times* of Malta told people they must be prepared to hang on more grimly than ever. "The arrival of the convoy has put off the target date and we can stand a far longer siege and continue as a vital fighting unit," declared the courageous paper. "But there can be no room for illusion or hope. The keynote is to conserve your supplies."

In June and July a ration of tomatoes, figs and grapes had been brought in *daighsas* from neighboring Gozo. But by the end of August these had ceased. The bread ration went down to ten ounces a day. Between June and August, when fodder could not be found to feed the cattle, one-third of the goats had been killed. Now almost all the goats and pigs were slaughtered. With the killing of the goats the milk supply was shut off at the source. Babies had to be fed from the diminishing stocks of powdered milk.

Rations were issued every fortnight: a can of bully beef and a can of smoked herring for two people every two weeks. Heads of families took charge of the rations and doled them out day by day. Some people were so hungry that they finished their rations in a few days. They starved one week and ate the next.

Men and women today joke about the shortage of food on the island last autumn. They tell about the officer who flew out of Malta to England. Accosted by a friend, he was asked about the siege.

"Tell me," said the friend, "did you really eat horsemeat?"

"Horsemeat," exclaimed the officer, "ah, those were the days!"

But then they didn't joke. A common saying was, "We prefer bombs to no food." The people in the autumn of 1942 were not starving but they were growing weaker. Walking three or four miles to the office, cipherettes or government clerks sometimes fainted on the streets. Anything that was weak was being pushed slowly toward the wall.



Milk for babies was one of Malta's toughest problems after goats were killed. Food rations were not increased by canteen authorities until Jan. 21, 1943, after 12 ships had arrived.



Maltese sit outside their homes hewn out of the rock at the base of an ancient fort. Such homes serve as very substantial air-raid shelters. Below: a youngster in one of these shelters.



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

"I'm sick of *JUST READING* about Love"



Strange Things Happen to Romance When a Girl Neglects Her Hands!

Men rate pretty hands much higher than some girls think they do. If a girl has unpleasantly red, un-attractively rough hands—all her other charms may fail to overcome this one fault. Hands start romance, you know. Yours should be sweet to behold; soft and tempting to caress.

Try this DIFFERENT, RICH hand lotion

Campana Balm will convince you, in one trial, that it is different. Richer. More lusciously concentrated. Not thin—not watery. Used regularly, it's a swift, sure aid to hand beauty, regardless of how much housework or war work you do. It contains both skin softening and skin protecting ingredients which are truthfully the best that money can buy. And they function on your skin wisely, for Campana Balm is accepted for advertising in the highly respected "Journal of the American Medical Association."

Two Distinct Benefits!

- (1) Helps to soften skin; overcome dryness.
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and \$1.00 bottles.



Campana Balm

The Famous Skin Softener

Campana takes pride in the part it has been afforded, in producing needed medical supplies, meeting the exacting requirements of the United States Army and the United States Navy.



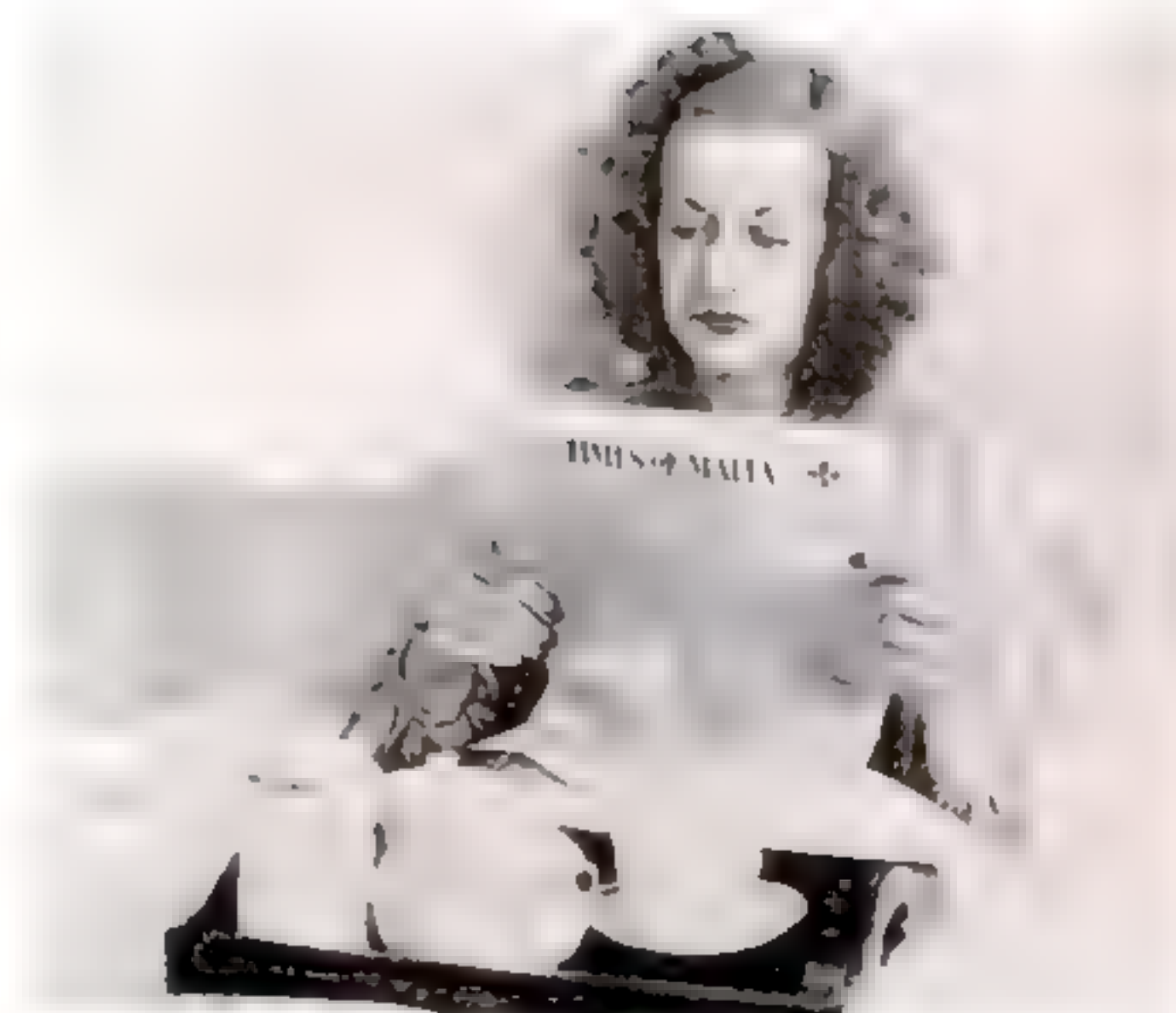
"It isn't puzzling, Betty. You just can't hold a man when your hands are red and chapped, no matter how pretty you are."



"I'm so happy. My hands are soft and smooth. I can feel the difference when I use Campana Balm."

CAMPANA SOLITAIR CAKE MAKE-UP with Lanolin

Non-drying. Lasts for hours.
Covers minor skin blemishes.
Generous wide-mouth compacts at 25¢ and 60¢



This girl has tea and reads *Times of Malta* on her day's leave from Fighter Control. The *Times* was published through blitz by staff who worked in dry well during raids.

SIEGE OF MALTA (continued)

For the first time since the British established their rule over the island in 1800, vital statistics showed more deaths than births. Women rarely became pregnant. Men were in no condition to produce babies. Sexual intercourse grew less. During the height of the food siege, a government official told me, "there was a period of three months when I never thought of touching my wife." People were too tired for sex.

In everything people became ration-minded. A young girl declared "I shall not marry because my husband will come and eat my bread, the same as my brother eats my mother's bread."

As September and October passed without any ships entering Malta, a dogged gloom set over the people. There seemed to be no hope anywhere. At the height of the depression in October, the *Luftwaffe* suddenly returned to the island. The ration-fed RAF pilots had been striking once more against Rommel's supply route from Italy to Libya and, stalled before El Alamein, he was evidently feeling the pinch. But this time the Maltese did not have to suffer the horrors of the blitz on top of the semistarvation. Practicing interception tactics perfected by Air Vice Marshal Park, Spitfires went out over the sea to meet the Axis raiders coming in from Sicily. Few planes ever reached the island. In an eight-day battle in the middle of the month, the RAF impartially massacred the fighters and bombers. One hundred certain planes were shot down into the sea and that nearly finished the *Luftwaffe*. It has never come back. Shortly after the October air battle came news that thrilled the whole island of Malta as it probably thrilled no other place in the world. Montgomery had cracked Rommel at El Alamein and Eisenhower had landed in North Africa. For the first time in many months the Maltese said, "There is hope."

One night in late November while most of Malta slept, a convoy stole silently into the harbor. The long siege had been lifted. The next day thousands of people crowded down onto the *Barracca* to feast their eyes on the ships carrying the long-awaited food. Someone in the crowd yelled, "There'll always be an England," and someone else yelled back, "There'll always be a Malta."

Since that day, as Montgomery advanced along the North African coast, there has been a steady stream of ships to Malta. With the capture of Tripoli any danger that Malta will capitulate because of starvation has been definitely ended.

The big fear of the authorities now is that life will become too dull for the ordinary inhabitant. Air raids formerly provided thrills and the tangible reason for enduring the hardships, but now there is the same old hard life without thrills and without any excuse for self-glorification. There are no cinemas, no opera house, no way to relieve the drab monotony.

The Maltese and the garrison of the island have not only taken a terrific material beating but they also have been badly mauled psychologically. Something has happened to these people who have lived cramped up together so long. There was no social escape for anyone. You either escaped within yourself or to the person nearest at hand. In one case a sense of frustration and persecution was liable

to develop; in the other, people unsuited to each other were thrown together. With the lifting of the siege and the elimination of any apparent reasons for suffering, hardships that heretofore had gone unnoticed suddenly became irksome. Irritations were magnified. Violent tempers and violent quarrels have been bred and nourished in the lifting of the siege.

The British cooped up on the island are not completely batty like Westerners living in Chungking nor are they nervous wrecks for, unlike Chungking Westerners, they have mingled with the local population. Still, as one government official put it, "We are all a little abnormal here."

The whole setup in Malta lends itself to abnormality. When the blitz and the siege let up there was no way to re-establish normal social functions. Created in hardship and nourished in the necessary intimacy of siege, crazy love affairs sprang up between Maltese girls and servicemen. Girls fell in love with men who they knew were married. Cigarettes gazed with hungry eyes at officers who they knew didn't suit them. They couldn't help themselves, for the intimacy of siege is a potent Cupid.

In the face of a blitz and a food siege, such psychological troubles as these may appear trifling. But the lifting of the siege has not eliminated the pressing material and personal difficulties on the island; it has only brought them into focus.

"Life?" she laughed. "There is no life"

I went to see the family of an Irish fusilier in a badly bombed section of the island. His young wife, with three children clinging to her skirts, met me at the door and invited me in. "What's life like for a British family here?" I asked.

"Life?" she laughed. "There is no life. We have no warm clothing for the kiddies. In summer it's all right—they live in their bathing suits and play all day in the sea, but now with the cold weather I don't know what they'll do."

She fingered a thin rag her girl was wearing and laughed.

"We have no shoes either. I have cut up old suitcases and made shoes for them. The worst of all is there are no schools for the kiddies. They are in a slit trench as much as they are in school."

"You can teach them," I ventured.

She showed her bright teeth and her blue eyes danced.

"Oh, I have nothing in my head. I can't teach them. There's nothing for them to do, either. It was raining this morning and I said, 'Go play in the bombed building.' But they came back and said there was no roof and they were all wet."

"What do you do for cooking?"

"The kiddies gather firewood from the bombed buildings. It is a good thing that there was a blitz," she said, laughing again.

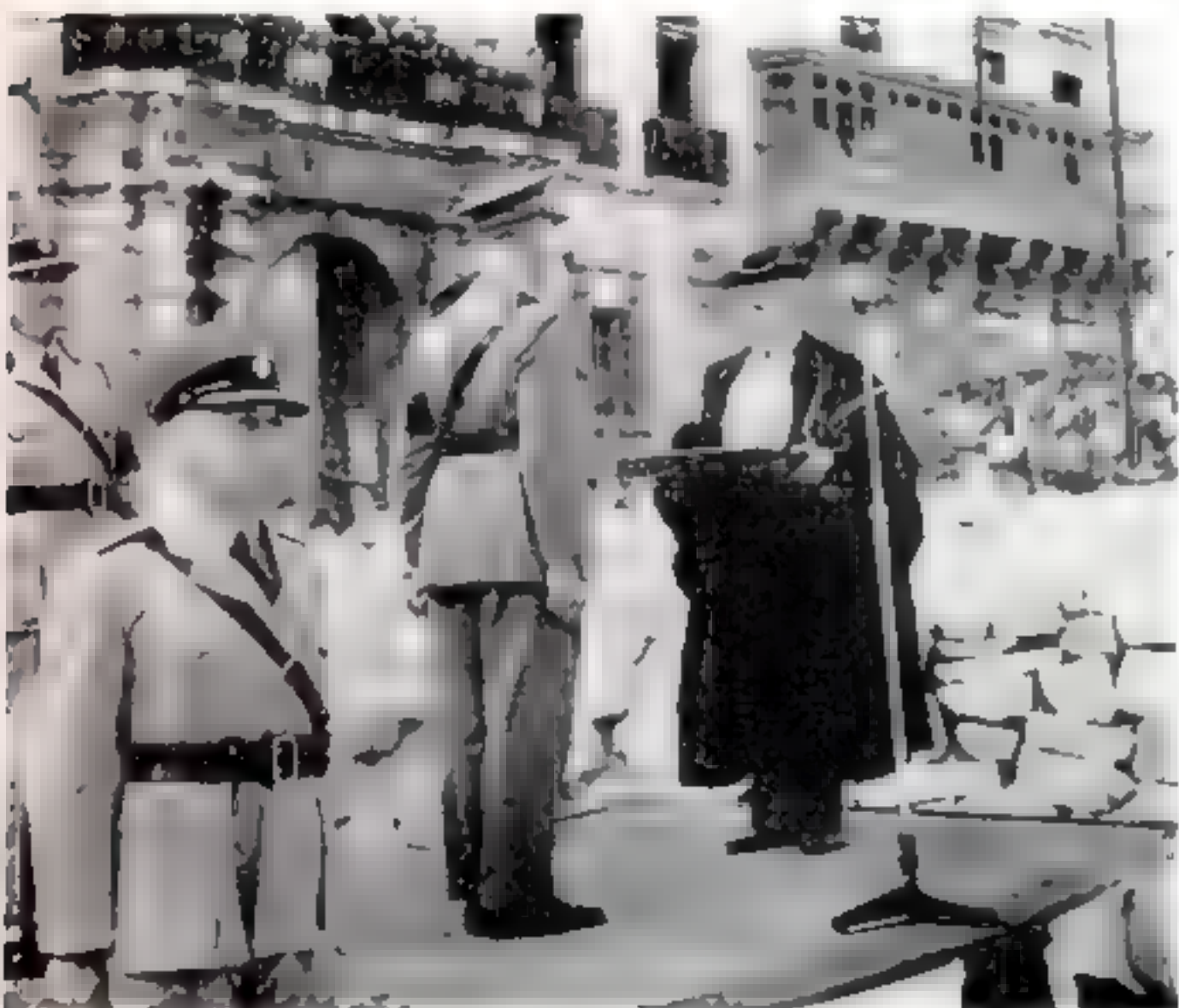
"What do you eat?"

"Corned beef. I camouflage it but it's still corned beef. We have had milk the last four weeks and that's helped."

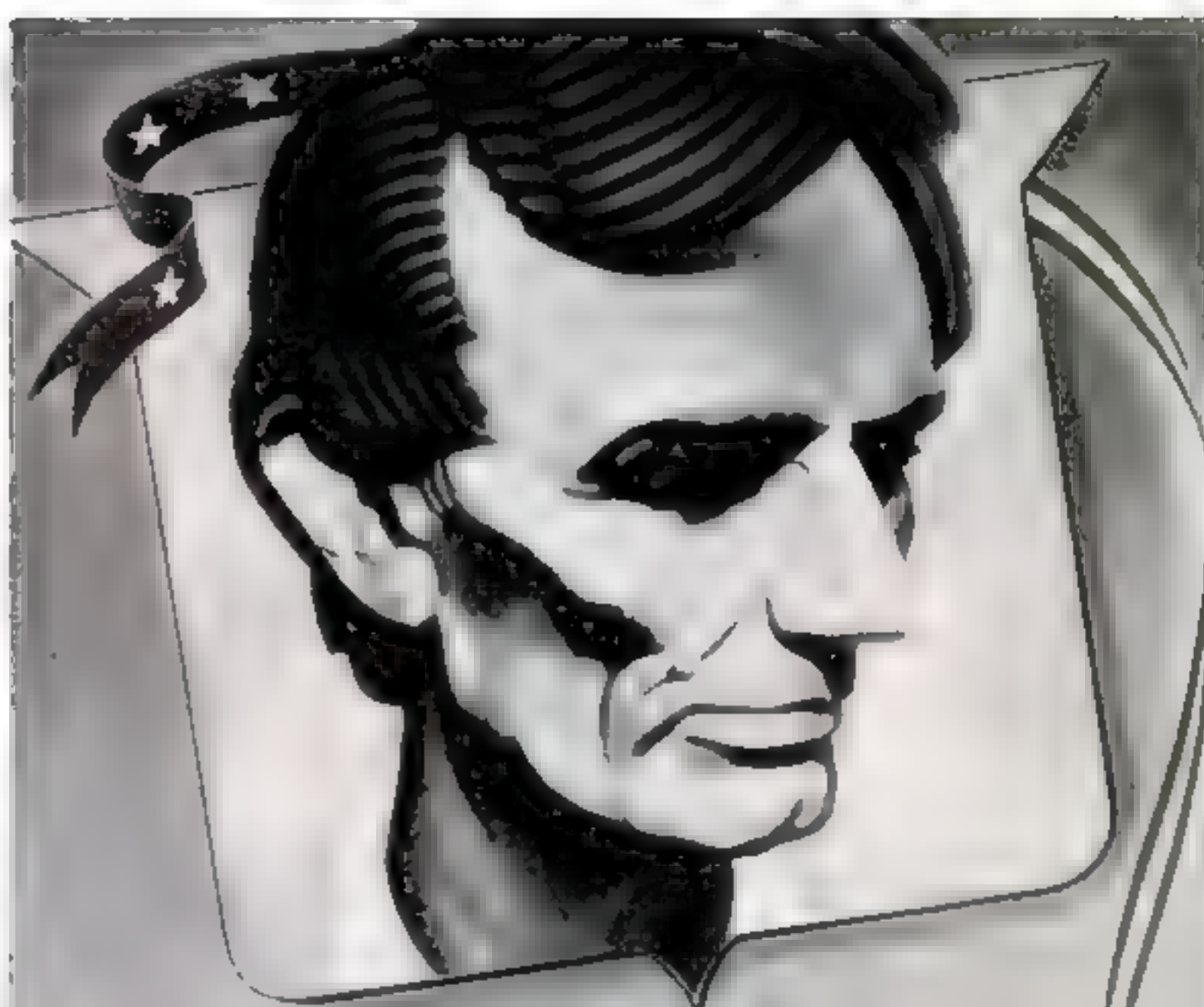
"What about soap and toothpaste?"

Our grandmother in England recently sent us some. That's the only way we could get it. We got some chocolates sent us for Christ-

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



The George Cross, awarded to the people of Malta by the King of England for gallant endurance, is presented to Malta's Chief Justice Borg by the governor Lord Gort



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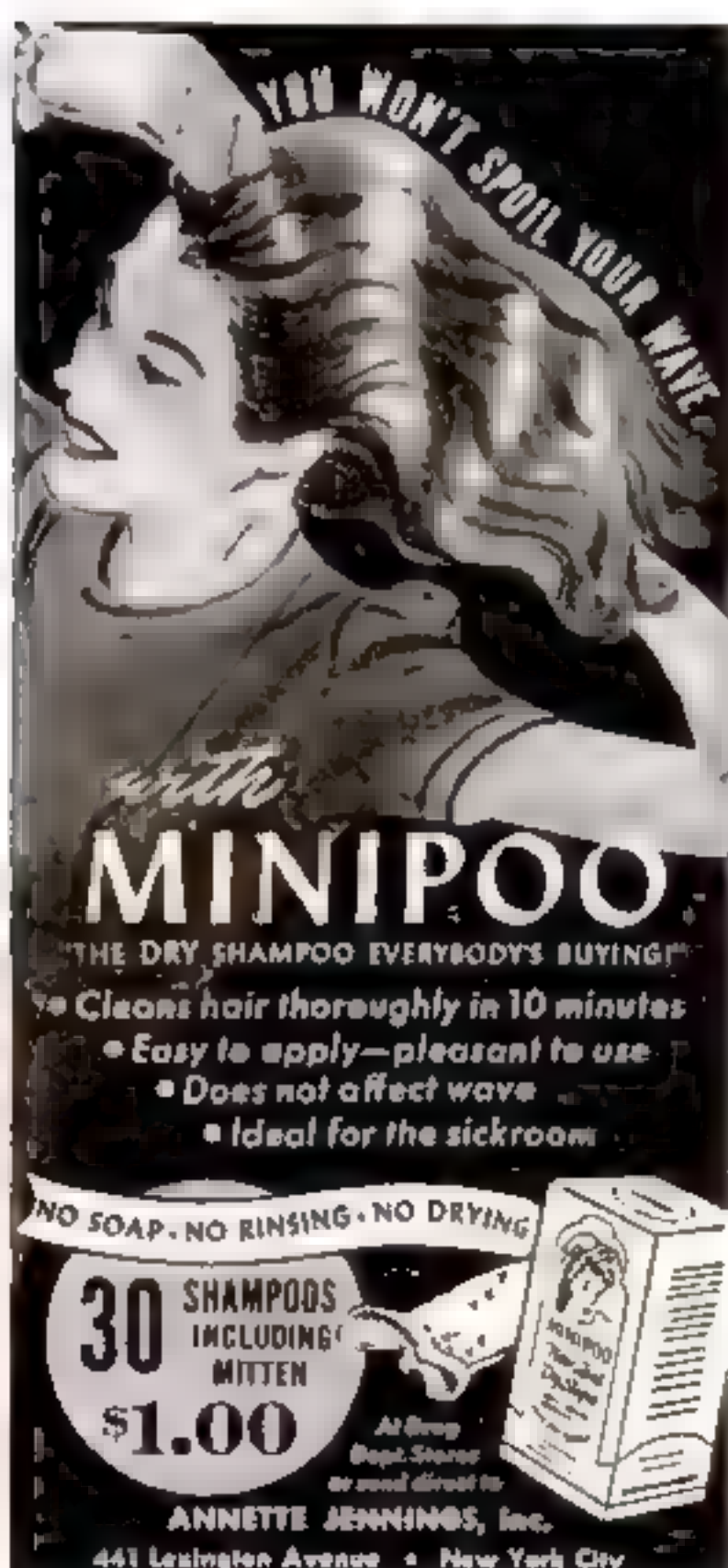
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BRIGGS
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NEW LIFE
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BILTRITE
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WILL NOT SLIP • WEAR LONGER
★ At Leading Shoe Rebuilders Everywhere ★



Salvaging wood from blitzed buildings for use as fuel is a steady and important job in Malta. At last count, 18,498 buildings had been demolished, 1,183 persons killed

SIEGE OF MALTA (continued)

mas in 1941, just a few days ago. They were over a year old but they tasted good."

"Would you like to leave Malta?"

"Would I!" She laughed again, tossed her golden head and her blue eyes gleamed

A former ack-ack gunner took me over to Isola Point where he had his gun during the blitz. A narrow peninsula sticking out into the harbor, it had been bombed worse than any other place in Malta.

Jim Gaffarena, a dockyard worker living there in charge of shelter settlement, showed us around

"You don't know what happened since you left here," he said to my friend. "God, it's worse than the blitz."

We went into a narrow dark cavern tunneled out of the side of a cliff. In the light of a candle I saw a line of slat boards hung one above the other against a dank wall. Dirty and smelling badly, they looked like befouled mangers and they were damp, no doubt from water dripping through the cavern's roof. By one evil-looking slat bed we paused and Gaffarena said, "Mother and daughter and two sons sleep on this bed. The mother has tuberculosis. When it rains the water leaks down. I went to the officials and told them about her. They said to me, 'Tell her if she wants to keep dry to buy an umbrella. Where can you buy an umbrella on this island? Where can she get the money? What would she need an umbrella for in bed?'"

We went outside again. About the tunnel entrance were grouped tiny huts built out of blitzed doors and tables. All of them swarmed with women and children. Long, webby hair hung down over their emaciated faces. Their eyes leaden, the women crowded around me and the bellies of some big with unborn babies pressed against me

"Look at these kids," Gaffarena said, pointing to a horde of bony children dressed in one-piece rags who were staring at me quietly. Off on a rock I saw two boys making a ship out of a wooden crate, and on it they had hoisted a British and a Maltese flag. "They wanted to give a feast for the children on the island," continued the dockyard worker. "Do you think these children were invited? No, they want children who are dressed up-to-date. These children got no clothing, they can't go to the feast."

The sound of someone moaning

We were climbing a hill toward a blitzed town when suddenly from out of a hut came the sound of someone moaning and then two small children appeared in a doorway and peered at us with frightened eyes

"That woman in there is going to have a baby soon," said our guide. "Too much immorality going on here. Vice. Very rife. I can't stop it. Small children see babies born. What are you going to do with them? No place to send them."

Winding slowly through an amphitheater of ruins, we reached the crest of the hill and came out on what had once been a broad avenue named Victory Street. Before us spread an alley of utter desolation. On either side ran shapeless walls of stone that had once been houses. In the roadway lay tremendous slabs of rock and a huge gun that had been blown from a destroyer in the harbor over two blocks of houses and had landed in this street. Every 50 yards in this ruined corridor

hills of rubble rose like breastworks and we struggled up and down over these barriers, getting out of breath on what had once been a level street.

It was a desolate wilderness of broken stone, not a dog or human being to be seen. Undamaged in the center of the street stood a statue of the Virgin Mary with the Child in her arms.

Gaffarena crossed himself, looked sadly at the ruins and said, "Look at this and tell me who are the real heroes of Malta. It is the people and that's the truth."

Coming over the rubble barrier we suddenly emerged on a street corner that had been almost untouched. On a curbstone sat a young woman.

Her shapely body was clad in a one-piece black garment. When she swayed back and forth on the curbstone it seemed as if it were the only garment she wore. Her legs were bare, her shoes torn. Black hair fell around a red, healthy face. Her smile was invigorating, her eyes dark and bold. She was altogether pretty but her appearance was marred by scabs and skin sores on her arms and neck.

I had my notebook and pencil in my hand. Perhaps she thought I was an official for she called out, "Rations."

"She wants to know when the rations are going to be increased," said Gaffarena, translating her Maltese chatter.

"I guess when the war is over," I replied.

"The war feenesh," she said speaking in English and doubling up with laughter. "Musso feenesh, Hitler feenesh."

"Why does a pretty girl like you sit on the curbstone like this?" I said.

"I got nothing to do."

"Where's your husband?"

"He's working at the dockyard—Alex. I haven't seen him for three years. He sends me a pound a week."

"What's the matter with your skin?" I said, pointing to the sores on her arms.

She let out a loud shriek and doubled up with laughter again. "Scabies, scabies," she squealed.

A group of women and children, no doubt attracted by our conversation, had somehow mysteriously appeared from an undamaged near-by church and were now gathered around us. One of these said, "She gets those sores from the bombing. Every time there is a bombing she gets sick in her house and sores come out."

I looked at the girl. She was blushing.

"When will the government bring clothing?" she said, changing the subject.

I was writing down her remarks in my notebook. She glanced up at me from the curbstone and said, "That's right, you write down. Write like this—Bring me shoes, bring me clothing."

"And lipstick?" said the ack-ack gunner.

Just then the girl screamed and jumped from the curbstone, rushed down the street and swept into her arms a small child with yellow

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



Trading markets such as this one are common in Malta. Because of the scarcity of food, townspeople bring their extra possessions here and swap for things they lack.

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SIEGE OF MALTA (continued)

hair and an engaging smile who was running pell-mell to meet her. She came back to us, a radiant smile on her face. "This is my son. You must bring him shoes and baby's clothing. No lipstick. No rouge. Only shoes and clothing."

A woman in back of the circle around us cried, "Bring me bloomers." At this everyone burst into laughter and jumped up and down crying, "Maria wants bloomers," and other voices shouted, "I want a nightdress, I want stockings."

Wandering down the hill through ruins and hearing the echo of their voices at my heels, I thought to myself, "What kind of game of make-believe is this?"

That night I went to a barroom.

There was an English girl named Peggie behind a bar. She said she was 19, and looked it.

"What's a bar girl do during a siege?" I said.

"I have a date with a different fella every night," she said, and her voice was challenging.

"What do you do for lipstick?"

She pulled a compact and lipstick out of her bag. "The customers give it to me," she said with a funny smile that seemed to say, please don't hit me. "They get it off the black market."

"Where do you live?"

"With Mom and Dad."

"What does your father do?"

"He works in one of the government offices."

"What time do you close?"

"Ten o'clock."

"Can I take you home?"

"No."

"Got a date?"

"No."

I tried another tack, "Why did you become a bar girl?"

"You can't live on this island and do nothing. Besides, I can use the money."

"How much do you get?"

"Four pounds a month."

"What did you do before the siege?"

"We had a car. Mom and Dad and my brother and I used to drive around the island. We used to go on picnics."

Her voice softened and she looked up from the bar as if she were staring at something. "There used to be a bunch of girls and fellas and we used to go walking on the cliffs in the moonlight. You can't walk there now," she said with sudden bitterness. "It's been bombed. There are guns there."

Just a stroll in the moonlight

The bartender announced that the bar was closing. The girl Peggie was putting on her coat and I ventured the question once again.

"I will walk you home," I said.

"Come on," she said jerkily and we went out into the streets of Valletta.

A three-quarter moon was hanging over a bombed temple, the wind was blowing in from the sea and the girl hurried so fast that her shoes clattered loudly on the stone pavement. With me at her heels she nearly flew down the street, tumbled down a flight of stone steps and turned a corner swiftly as if a gang of hoodlums were after her.

"Take it easy," I said.

"I can't," she said in a strained panting tone, "Mom and Dad are waiting for me."

"Let's just take a stroll in the moonlight," I said.

"I told you there's no place anymore," she said in an angry bitter voice.

"You're a funny girl," I said.

"You don't know me," she said. "No one knows me."

There was something eating her and I didn't know what it was. "What shall I bring you when I come back to Malta," I said.

"Lipstick? Stockings?"

She halted momentarily in the street, her lips in a pout in the dark and she said, "I don't want anything from you. Don't bring me anything," and once more she hurried on.

We were going down a narrow dark street and I took her hand and softly asked, "Why?" She did not answer but she did not take her hand away, only let it hang limply in mine.

Suddenly she tightened her grasp on my hand, came to a halt and said, "Look! The moon is shining through that bombed building."

I peered at a building on my right and saw a light in a window. "That's a light," I said, "not the moon."

"No," she said, "it's the moon, I've seen it often like that," and we went closer and I saw she was right.

"MAN Bites DOG"

Here's a Barber who approves
a Safety Razor Blade

"Always worried if a safety razor would be hollow ground like my father's straight-edge razor. Now you've found it—and you was worth waiting for."

V.E. deLoos
Wichita, Kan.



PAL BLADE
4 FEET
in razor

USUAL BLADE
1/16 IN
in razor

PAL BLADES ARE HOLLOW GROUND
LIKE A BARBER'S RAZOR
They flex in the razor—shave with
just a "feather-touch" stroke

PAL

**"hollow-ground"
RAZOR BLADES**



4 for 10¢

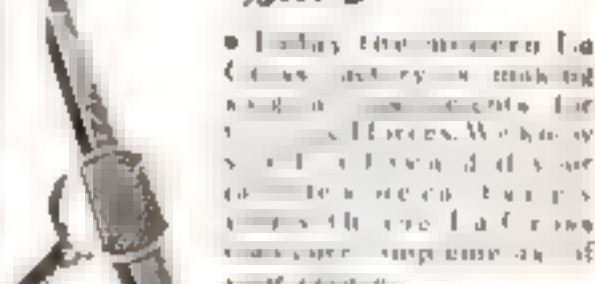
10 for 25¢

Double or
Single Edge

PAL Blade Co., 595 Madison Ave., N.Y.

SAVE SPOT: Buy PAL Blades—They Last Longer

*Smooth fingernails
save hose*



• Today the modern La Cross manicure is making a new record for the La Cross manicure. It's a record of smooth fingernails and smooth skin. The La Cross manicure is the only one of its kind.

Smooth fingernails save hose. 45¢

La Cross

AMERICA'S FINEST MANICURE IMPLEMENTS

S. Anet-Bros. Corporation, Newark, N.J. • Ex. 1993

CAT'S



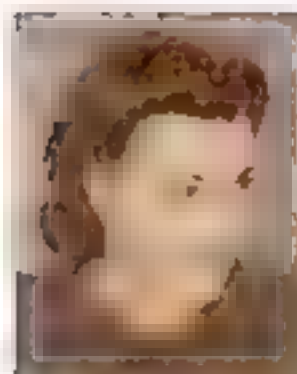
Put your foot down—on top quality
Cat's Paw rubber heels and soles.
Insist on Cat's Paw for your family.

PALW

• Non-Slip Rubber Heels & Soles

CONTINUED ON PAGE 37

"O-ohh...taste! It is like old-fashioned homemade noodle soup!"



"I couldn't believe it!"

says Mrs. John English, like many another surprised housewife.

"And I still don't see how you get so much fresh, home flavor out of the dry soup makings in that Lipton envelope. I think Lipton's beats even my homemade kind... the broth is so golden and rich, with oodles of fresh-cooked noodles!"



7-MINUTE TALK

Little Miss Muffet

(A dumb little tuffet)

Could scarcely boil water, they say—

But she stirred Lipton's in,

Cooked it just 7 min.

And got home noodle soup, straightaway!



Small cash and easy carry!

Another nice thing about Lipton's Noodle Soup is, it costs so little and makes so much—almost one and a half times as much soup as you get from the average can. One 10¢ Lipton package makes 4 to 6 servings. And that means good rich soup for about 2¢ a bowl!

So easy to carry, too. You can bring home enough soup for dinner—right in your pocketbook! Or tuck a week's supply in a corner of your cupboard, ready for come-what-may.

A Food Revolution

Foods in dry form are the miracles of this new age. In fixing Lipton's, you'll see the ingredients "come to life" in boiling water... savory as a home soup made fresh that day!

DRESS-UPS

Lipton's Noodle Soup is so super, we hesitate to offer variations. But here's a good one sent in by Mrs. K. W. Roberts, of Hartsdale, N. Y. "For company lunch, add a few cooked peas, and a flurry of chopped chives. Makes Lipton's Soup look and taste even more extra-special!" (E.D. Look for other variations on the package.)



LIPTON'S CONTINENTAL NOODLE SOUP

A prepared soup mix made by the LIPTON TEA people whose rich, fragrant Lipton Tea is bought by more Americans than any other brand.

10¢
PACKAGE

Also in thirty
3-package
carton





B-876-1
Army Russet Brown Blucher Oxford, Oil Treated Sole—Parade Last.



B-583-1
Black Calf Raglan Blucher Oxford, Full Leather Lined, —Ace Last.



IN SERVICE



IN BUSINESS

Dress Order of the Day

ROBLEE MILITARY TYPES

B-998-1
Army Russet Brown, Officers' Chukka Boot —Ace Last.



Whether your job is pushing a pursuit plane up above the clouds or pushing a War Bond drive up above a quota, Roblee* Military types are the dress order of the day. Their trim, streamlined styling is as up-to-snuff as an officer's uniform . . . their rugged, full-weight leathers hold their shape and hold their shine . . . and every stitch, every detail shows the kind of careful workmanship learned in 64 years of fine shoemaking. If you want all this—and tailored fit, too—set your course to the store that sells Roblee Military types.

BROWN SHOE COMPANY, St. Louis.

\$600 to \$800

Some special styles slightly higher

Longer life for your shoes
Following these simple rules will add miles and months to the life of your shoes.

Polish Regularly. Polish contains waxes and oils which preserve leather.

Use Trees. Shoe trees keep shoes in original shape.

Alternate Pairs. Give shoes a rest after each day of wear.

Use a Shoehorn. Shoes put on with the aid of a shoehorn won't stretch and gap at the heel.

Dry Wet Shoes Naturally. Drying wet shoes over a radiator or in the sun cracks and curls the leather.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Roblee
SHOES FOR MEN

SIEGE OF MALTA (continued)

She still clasped my hand tightly. The moon was shining on her hair and I could feel her breathing heavily. Still holding her hand, I doubled her arm in back of her, twisted her around and kissed her.

For a moment her lips hung open and moist and then she struggled away and before I knew what was happening she had seized my coat at the two shoulders and was shaking me and saying in a low intense tone, "Damn you, damn you."

Too astonished to move I let her continue shaking me, but suddenly her arms crept from my shoulders around my neck, her head went down on my shoulder and she was sobbing.

Her body quivered and shook convulsively against mine and I must confess I didn't know what to do but stroke her soft hair and wait for the flood of tears to subside.

The intensity of her sobbing was dying, her arms were tightening around me and she began to murmur from the midst of my shoulder.

"I don't want any lipsticks or stockings from you. Why did you say that? I don't want work in a bar. I don't want to go out with a different fella every night . . . I'm so tired . . . Oh you're all beasts. I want someone, just someone who will give me nothing. I want to be quiet again, go on picnics again. Walk in the moonlight on the cliffs. Damn you, damn you, I don't want to see moonlight through bombed buildings. I want the opera house and the cinema and our car."

With a strange frightened feeling I listened to her. What a world of stupid irony there was in all this for me. Here was I, a war correspondent thinking about the siege of Malta. Thinking of how I would write the story, thinking of the RAF, the Navy and the Army, and here was a 19-year-old girl in my arms sobbing her heart out and not the least interested in how many German Messerschmitts had been downed over Malta.

I tried to think of something to say but she stopped my mouth with kisses. She had suddenly jerked up her head, kissed me softly once, then quickly one-two-three more, violently and then at great length as if she would stop my breathing.

With a little gasp she stopped as suddenly as she had begun, squeezed my hand hard and said, "Mom and Dad are waiting for me. I will catch hell," and then ran down the street before I knew what she was doing.

I watched her fleeting figure disappearing around a corner, stilled a sigh and started walking home. A light still shone in the window of the bombed building.

A few hours later I left Malta by plane. People were standing on the *Barracca* as they've always stood, looking across 60 miles of blue water toward Sicily. They no longer see *Stukas* and *JU-88's* and *Messerschmitt 109's* sweeping in toward them at breakfast, lunch and teatime. They see only *Spitfires* and *Beaufighters* and *Wellingtons* heading out for Catania, Palermo and Naples. They still look north toward Sicily and they still utter their guttural cries, "Ahhhh! Mussolini," but they don't look north in fear and they don't cry out with helpless anger, for their eyes and their lips say, "Our day has come."

Let us make that day come fast. There is much rebuilding to be done in Malta.



A Maltese boy ties the Union Jack to his dog's leash on his way to welcome British warships. Youngsters on Malta like to stay out during the raids, chase falling aircraft.

NOBODY LOVES YOU WHEN YOU COUGH
(DUE TO A COLD)

SMITH BROS. COUGH DROPS

Carry a box of Smith Bros. Cough Drops with you! Nothing better—nothing better-known for relieving coughs due to colds, and for clearing up little throat irritations, dryness, hoarseness, etc. Yes, a nickel checks that tickle. Two kinds—both delicious. **BLACK OR MENTHOL 5¢**

SMOOTHIE TIES **55¢**
\$1.50

WRINKLE RESISTANT **A. SCHRETER & SONS**
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS For Victory

STROP
DON'T WASTE BLADES

ENDERS SPEED BLADES are twice thicker. They can be stropped repeatedly. Semi-automatic stropper is included in the new Enders Shave Kit, at drugstores, \$2.50.

Save steel. Save money. Get "new-blade" smoothness every shave...with Enders and Strop. For strop only, order direct, \$1.

SERVICE MEN: Order through Post Exchange.

ENDERS SPEED SHAVER
DUNHAM-ENDERS RAZOR CORP., DEPT. A, MYSTIC, CONN.



The Blue Tin ENLISTS!

The NEW Edgeworth SEAL-PAK CARRIES ON!



I sat beside a stranger
In the smoking car today
And as I filled my briar pipe
I heard the fellow say—
"Excuse me, Sir, for asking,
But that package you took out—
Is that the Edgeworth SEAL-PAK pouch
I've heard so much about?"

"Yes," I said, "their tin of blue
Is gone for the 'duration'—
But frankly, this new SEAL-PAK pouch
Is really a sensation;
It keeps the Edgeworth flavor-fresh,
It's neat—and trim—and handy—"
The stranger took one look and said—
"You're right! It's sure a dandy!"



Easy to fill
your pipe

Fits your pocket
easily

THAT famous Edgeworth "tin of blue" is gone for the duration. For Uncle Sam needs the tin for bombers and fighter planes. Today when you step up to the tobacco counter to ask for your favorite Edgeworth Pipe Tobacco, the clerk will hand you a handsome blue pouch—the new Edgeworth Seal-Pak Pouch. It fits your pocket comfortably—and, best of all—it keeps America's Finest Pipe Tobacco in a flavor-fresh condition.

Enjoy a generous sample at our expense. Write **Larus & Brother Company**, 402 22nd Street, Richmond, Va.

"AMERICA'S FINEST PIPE TOBACCO"





MRS. CARL BRINGS OUT FAMILY PHOTOS AND EDNA (CENTER) STUDIES PICTURES OF MARION AS A BOY ON THE FARM. MARION'S BROTHER MANTON AND HIS WIFE ARE AT RIGHT

Life Goes on a Marine Ace's Honeymoon

Marion Carl, who shot down 16 Jap planes at Guadalcanal, takes his New York bride home to Oregon for a visit

Last October Marion Carl, 26-year-old Marine captain with the "Fighting 23" (LIFE, Dec. 7) brought down his sixteenth Jap plane in the Solomons. A few weeks later he was back in the U. S. addressing Grumman aircraft workers with Major John Smith, his squadron leader. At a party afterward he met Edna Kievin, a Powers model who had come to help entertain the boys.

She and Marion liked each other from the start. After they had spent several days together seeing New York, Marion asked her to marry him.

Edna thought they ought to wait, and Marion flew home to Oregon. But in a few days he reappeared at Edna's home in Brooklyn to ask her again, and next time he went West Edna was with him, and she was

Mrs. Carl. That is how they happened to be sitting a few weeks ago, dreamy-eyed, on the front porch of Marion's farm home near Hubbard (see opposite page). It was the last day of their eleven-day honeymoon, half of which Marion had spent traveling over the State on a bond-selling tour. Pictures by Hansel Mehl and Otto Hagel on the following pages tell the rest of the story.

Edna's first motorcycle ride is part of introduction to the farm. Manton, Marion's younger brother, who is a first lieutenant in the Army, is driving. He and Irene (left) were married seven months ago.



Learning to shoot is another first for Edna. Marion and Manton showed her how, but she didn't like it, shuddered when Marion later took pot-shots around farm.



WHEN YOU'RE STUCK WITH COLD WATER — OR A USED BLADE

THANK YOUR STARS FOR **LIFEBUOY SHAVING CREAM**

• NO WONDER men in uniform go for Lifebuoy's "stay-moist" lather! It wilts fighting whiskers fast. Gives smoother, easier shaves—even under trying shaving conditions. That's because Lifebuoy picks up and holds longer more moisture than any other popular shaving cream. A boon to tender, windburned skin! Try a tube. You'll like its mild fragrance.

SAVE TIN TUBES in turn in when you buy Lifebuoy Shaving Cream.

120 TO 150 SHAVES IN THE BIG RED TUBE

LIFEBUOY SHAVING CREAM HOLDS MOISTURE LIKE A CAMEL

ARE YOU SICK AND TIRED OF GRAY HAIR?

(you've a right to be — when women all around you get rid of their grayness — beautifully, with Clairol)

Deep down in your heart, you must hate the gray in your hair. You know it makes you look older than other women your age. Why do you put up with it?

You needn't think other women do. Just look about you and see. Not all those youthfully gleaming heads are a special gift of nature. Women are being as smart about their hair these days as they are about their faces and figures.

Millions of them have found the way to have youth-like color in hair — "Naturally, with Clairol," the original shampoo tint. Of course you never suspected it. No one ever can, when Clairol is used.

Why not let it keep your gray hair a secret, too?

Unlike harsh, old fashioned dyes or artificial-looking imitation shampoo tints, Clairol color-conditions your hair with shining highlights; gives it tones so true and transparent they rival Nature's own. Modern women adopt it with confidence, just as they do lipstick and rouge.

Know the happiness and self-confidence that come with the sudden discovery that you are young-looking again! It's so easy. Depend on genuine Clairol to do this for you. And remember—better beauty shops will never substitute.

Make that appointment for your Clairol treatment now.

CLAIROL'S QUICK... It cleanses, conditions and permanently colors every visible gray hair all at the same time. Takes little longer than ordinary shampoos.

CLAIROL'S DEPENDABLE... Each of Clairol's 23 natural-looking shades is laboratory-controlled, produced under the supervision of skilled specialists. Clairol shades are uniform, always assuring a perfect match.

FREE! 11 Secrets of Beautiful Hair... For ten days, wash with a hair spray that gives you hair that's soft, shiny, and stays in place all day. Just write: Clairol, Inc., Dept. L-1, P. O. Box 1215, Stamford, Conn.

COPYRIGHT 1943, CLAIROL INC.

CLAIROL

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

The Original Shampoo Tint

CLAIROL KEEPS YOUR SECRET

Because it completely avoids that tell tale dyed look of old fashioned methods. NO OTHER PRODUCT gives such natural looking results.

CAUTION: USE ONLY AS DIRECTED ON THE LABEL

Captain Carl's infallible arm goes wide of its mark as he tries shooting a hawk straight from the nest into Edna's open mouth. A free last November costume party was on.



Edna helps Mrs. Carl gather eggs from a flock of 450 fowl! After husband's death ten years ago Mrs. Carl saw boys through college, brought up two other children.



Carl's 300-acre dairy farm, but there are 72 new heifers. Mrs. Carl and Irene, who is farm-born and -bred, have run the place since the boys went into service.



At wayside zoo they feed a deer. Marion dislikes farming. Says his mother: "Marion deserves credit for being a good farmer, because it's hard for him to be one."

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

How MUCH* are YOU smoking?

*Government figures show smoking at all-time peak.

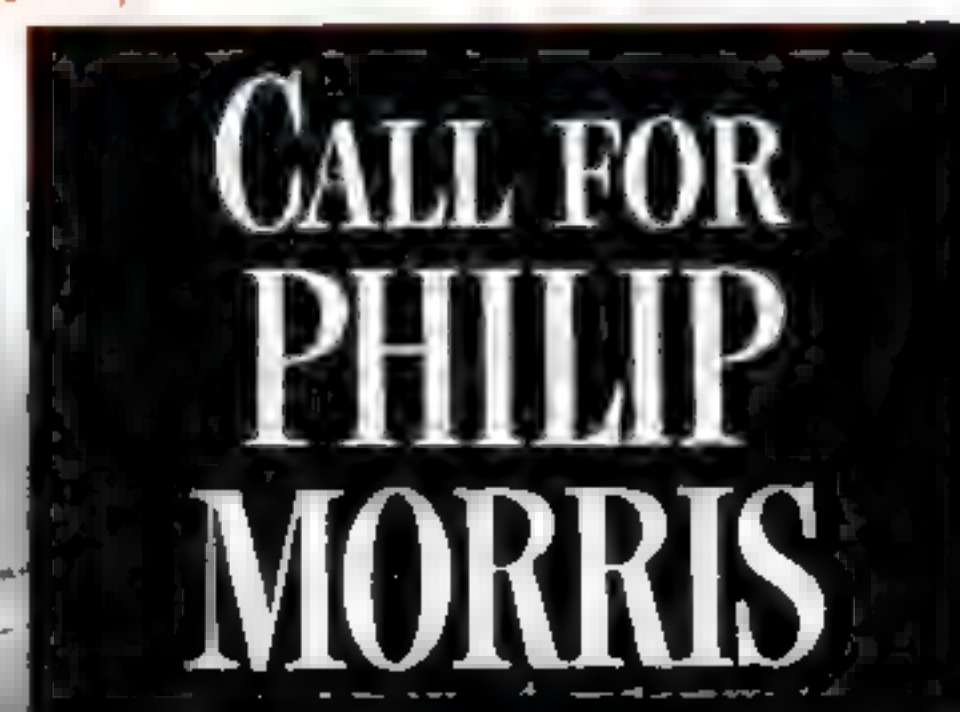
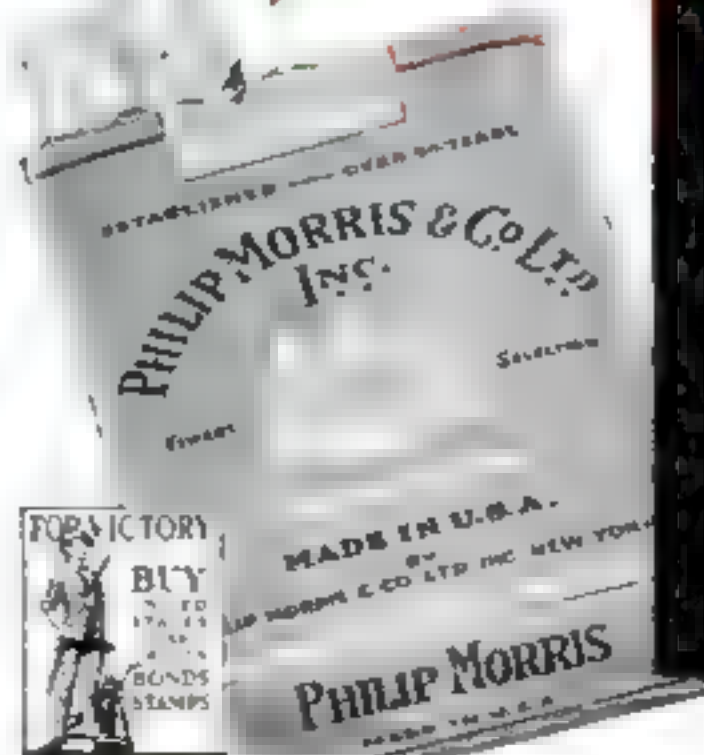
WHETHER you are smoking *more*—or smoking *less*—this is a good thing to know:

When smokers changed to PHILIP MORRIS, every case of irritation of nose or throat—due to smoking—either cleared up completely or definitely improved!

That was reported in medical journals by distinguished doctors—their findings in work with actual men and women smokers.

NOTE we do not claim any curative power for PHILIP MORRIS. But this evidence *clearly proves* them *far less irritating* to the nose and throat . . . protection added to pleasure.

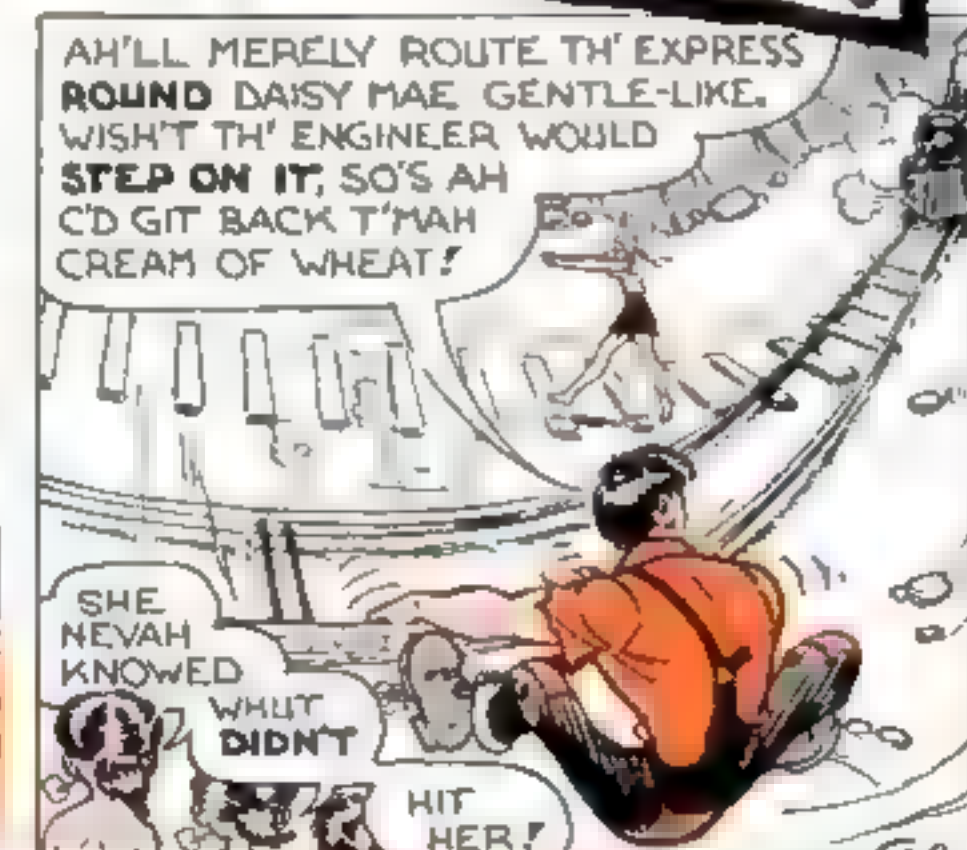
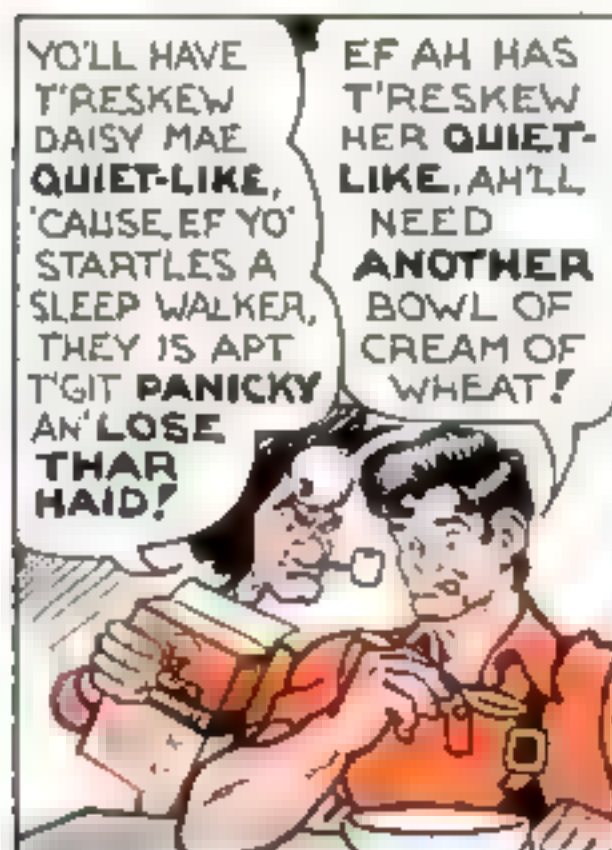
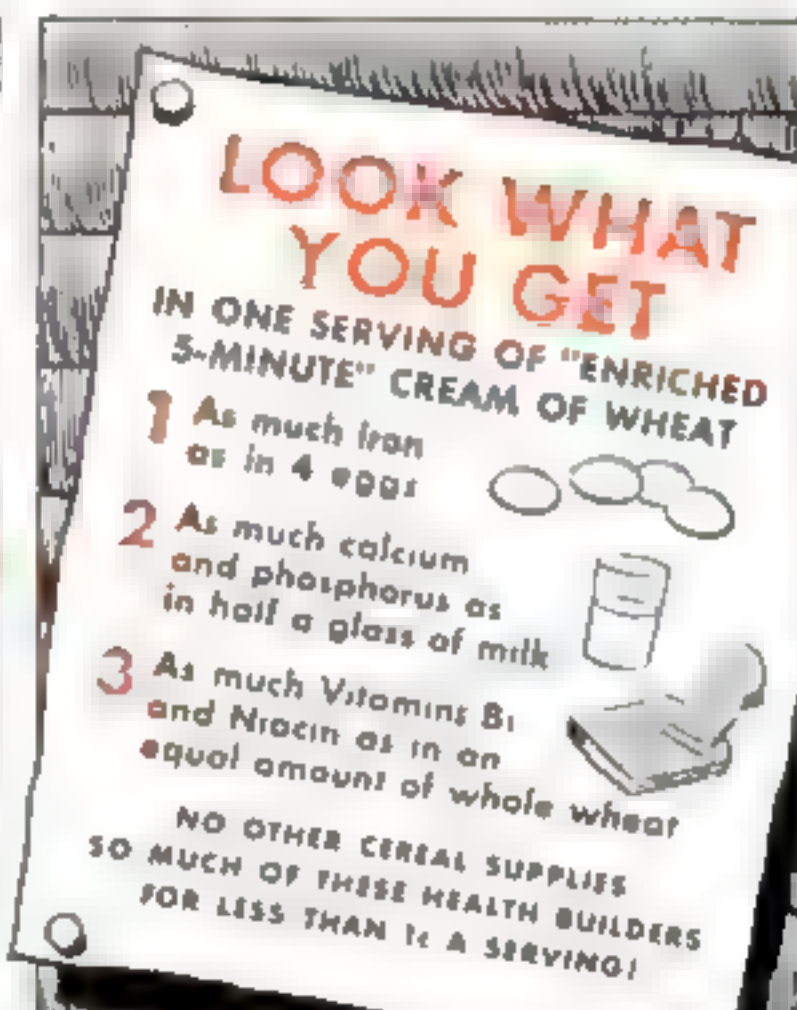
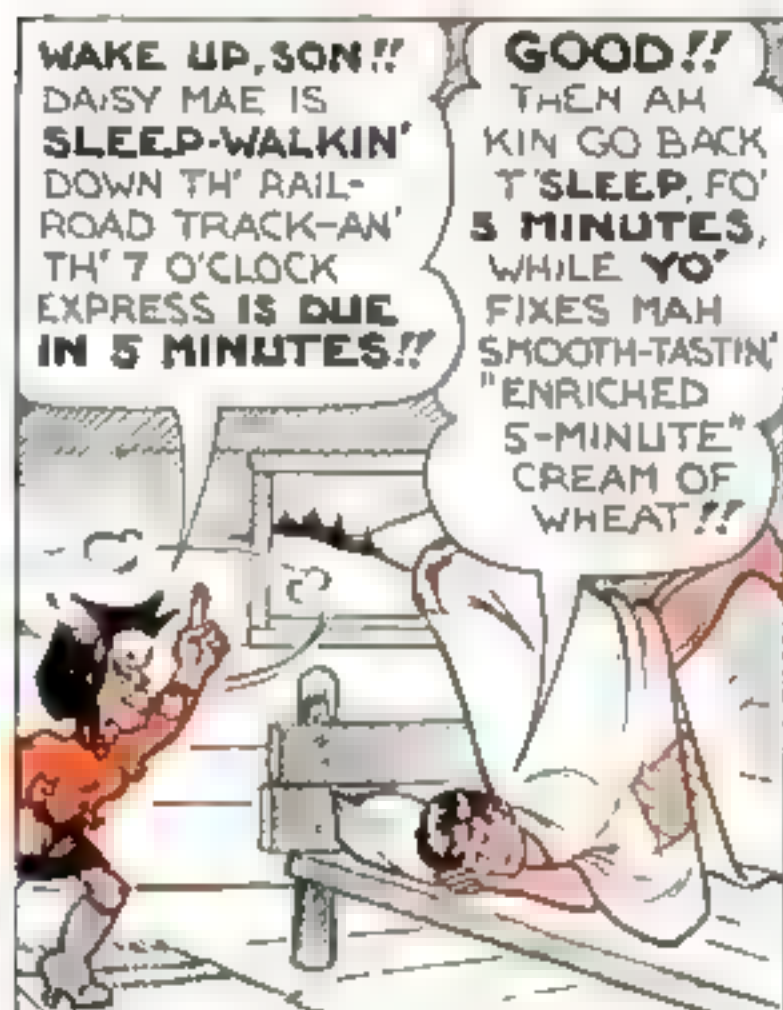
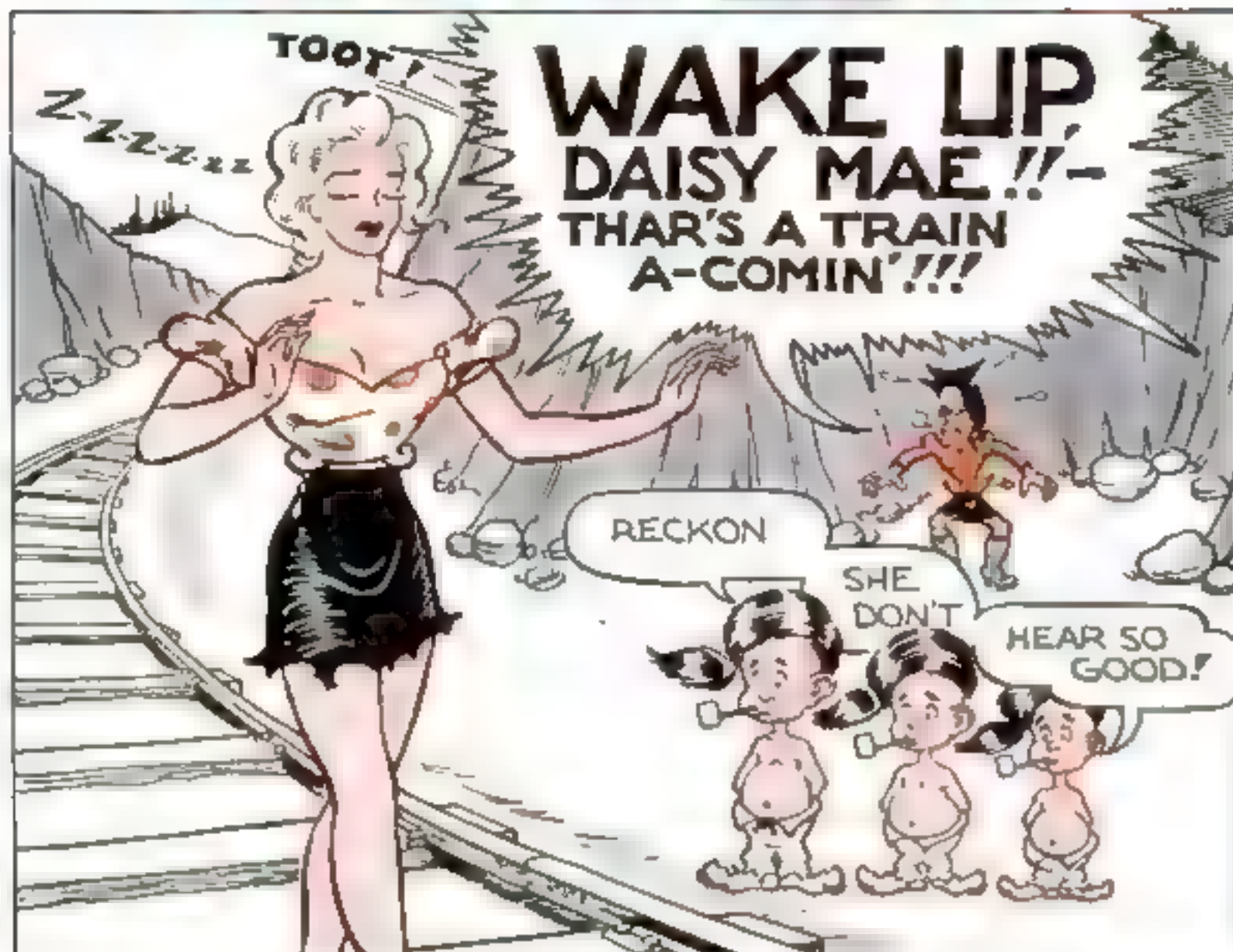
And they taste GOOD!



America's FINEST Cigarette

LIL ABNER by AL CAPP

PROVES HE'S A REAL GENTLE-MAN



"CREAM OF WHEAT" AND COW TRADEMARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



At Grant High School in Portland, Marion closes an intensive bond drive in which the students subscribed \$80,000 for a fighter plane. In all, he helped sell \$84,000 worth.



Radio interview over a local station is part of his itinerary as returned hero. Twice winner of the Navy Cross, Marion dislikes killing, shoots Japs "because it's my job."



worth of bonds in five days during which he spoke at 22 rallies. He began as soon as he got off train in Oregon, and later accompanied him (seated at left)



Students mob Marion for his autograph. He learned to fly on \$100 borrowed from his mother while he was studying aeronautical engineering at Oregon State College.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Do Dermatologists Shave?

↓

Naturally. And since they specialize in the care of the skin, these members of the medical profession exercise more-than-ordinary care in the selection of the preparations they use. A nationwide survey revealed that more dermatologists use Mennen Shave Products than any other brand—more than the next two leading brands combined. When buying shave products for your own use, why not be guided by the personal preferences of authorities, men who know what is best for the skin.

...the choice of dermatologists

① WHISKERS OFF!
Brushless Shave, a cream, not a grease jar or tube. Lather Shave, plain or mentholated, jar or tube.

② FACE PEPPE-UP!
Skin Bracer just a few drops pep up your face—and how the ladies like its subtle aroma!

③ PERFECT FINISH!
Talcum for Men, neutral tint, doesn't show on face. The perfect finishing touch after the shave.

3-STEP MENNEN SHAVE



TOO GOOD TO WASTE !

☕ COFFEE...with its tempting fragrance...its mellow rich flavor...its heart-warming cheer...is always *Too Good to Waste!* But especially while purchases are limited, it is more important than ever to get the fullest enjoyment out of every bit of coffee.

NO RESTRICTIONS HAVE BEEN PLACED ON QUALITY!

Be sure the coffee served to you in restaurants, trains, and planes is pure, unadulterated coffee.

Be sure the coffee you buy is *all pure coffee*... you have a right to it! Read the package label carefully. Don't rob yourself of one ounce of coffee's energizing goodness by accepting a package in which adulterants are present.

Be sure the coffee at your house is not wasted in experiments with adulterants, mixing with leftover grounds, or "stretching" with water. One good cup of pure, delicious coffee is better than two cups of unsatisfying adulterated brew.

The coffee situation is due to present shipping problems...not to the amount of coffee that is being produced. The coffee producing countries are cooperating in every way to improve existing conditions.

COFFEE

THE FRIENDLY DRINK...FROM GOOD NEIGHBORS

PAN-AMERICAN COFFEE BUREAU

BRAZIL COLOMBIA COSTA RICA CUBA DOMINICAN REPUBLIC
EL SALVADOR MEXICO VENEZUELA

BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND SAVINGS STAMPS

Life Goes on a Honeymoon 1943.



By themselves at last, Marion and Edna... they are cherishing the quiet moments of their honeymoon in love.



In his old room, full of boyhood memories, Marion and Edna talk about the years when they didn't know each other and make brave plans for an uncertain future.

SERVING THE ARMED FORCES



"...This award is your nation's tribute to your patriotism and to your great work in backing up our soldiers on the fighting front."

Robert P. Tate
UNDER SECRETARY OF WAR

EMERSON-ELECTRIC War Products



POWER-OPERATED AIRPLANE GUN TURRETS

These heavy-caliber fire power, armored turrets protect our Army-Navy Bombers and Torpedo planes against enemy fighter aircraft.



PARTS FOR ARTILLERY AMMUNITION

Precision-built shell bodies and boosters for U. S. Artillery are contributing to the offensive power of our armed forces.



ELECTRIC-MOTOR CONTROLS FOR AIRCRAFT

The fighting power and split-second maneuvering of modern war planes depend upon precision-built electric motor controls.

AFTER VICTORY... Back To The Job Of Serving The Nation



ELECTRIC FANS

The most complete selection of quality Fans in America, with the famous 5-Year Guarantee, inaugurated in 1914.



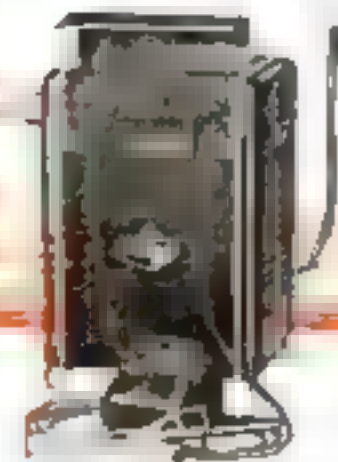
ELECTRIC MOTORS

For household, farm, commercial and industrial appliances and labor saving machines... Also, for aircraft controls.



VENTILATING EQUIPMENT

Kitchen ventilating and attic cooler fans for homes. Exhaust and ventilating fans for industry and commerce.



A. C. ARC WELDERS

The most modern of metal fabricating methods is made universally available through these compact, portable units.

EMERSON ELECTRIC

THE EMERSON ELECTRIC MANUFACTURING COMPANY, SAINT LOUIS... Branches: New York • Detroit • Chicago • Los Angeles • Davenport



WE DON'T TALK ABOUT TOILETS!

An unsanitary toilet is "unmentionable" in any household. It's unnecessary too. Ugly film and stubborn stains are removed easily and quickly with Sani-Flush. No scrubbing. Every time you use this scientific compound you clean away many recurring toilet germs and a cause of toilet odors. Do it at least twice a week.

Don't confuse Sani-Flush with ordinary cleansers. It works chemically. Even cleans the hidden trap. Cannot injure septic tanks* or their action and is safe in toilet connections when used as directed on the can. Sold everywhere. Two handy sizes.

FREE* For Septic Tank Owners

Septic tank owners don't have to scrub toilets, either! Tests by eminent research authorities show how easy and safe Sani-Flush is for toilet sanitation with septic tanks. For free copy of their scientific report, write: The Hygienic Products Co., Dept. 28, Canton, Ohio.



Sani-Flush

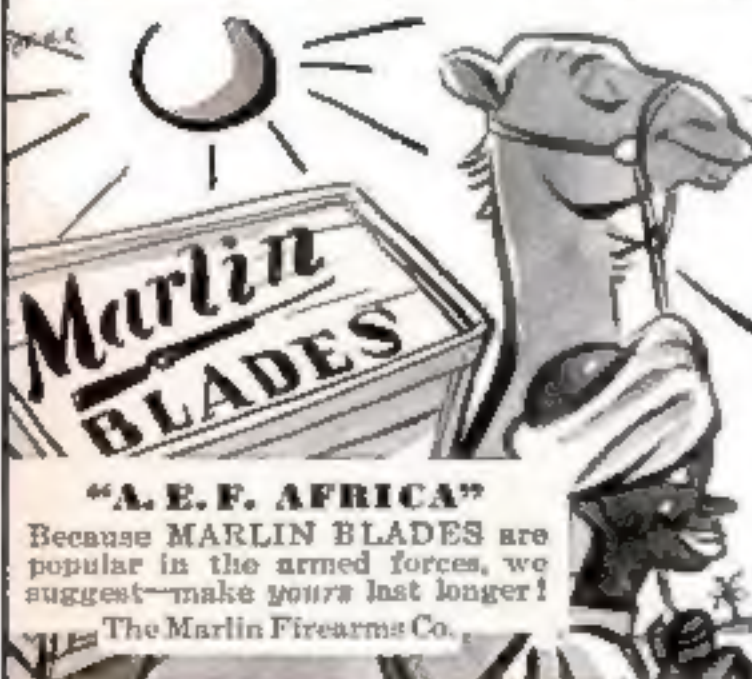
CLEANS TOILET
BOWLS WITHOUT
SCOURING



Try **i-o-sal** for quick relief from itching, burning feet, Athlete's Foot, sweaty feet and common ringworm.

get **i-o-sal** today AT YOUR DRUGGIST or sent postpaid—just mail 50¢ to ATLAS LABORATORIES - AKRON, OHIO

BUY MORE WAR BONDS



PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

(continued)

DEER WITH BUCKET

Sirs:

"Bossy with a Barrel" (LIFE, Jan. 4) has nothing on my "Deer with a Bucket" (below). I came upon this burden-bearing beast while photographing a country estate near Chicago. He had become quite famous in the neighborhood, making frequent shy appearances with the bucket wedged firmly between his antlers, but no one had been able to get near enough to remove it. After I shot the picture, the deer, curious, came close to inspect the camera and a friend who was with me reached over and relieved him of his strange headress.

NOWELL WARD

Chicago, Ill.



OL' MAN MOLE IS DEAD

Sirs:

After chasing a destructive mole around my yard for weeks, I caught him at the door of his tunnel as he came up for air. I promptly clapped a can of gas over the doorway and soon he was dead. You can see for yourself the mighty claws that did the digging, and also the 5-in. span of his body as he lies sprawled beside the ruler.

JOHN ARGYROS

St. Petersburg, Fla.



THE ARMY-NAVY ★ ★ SCRAPBOOK for the "folks back home"

To picture for you the lighter side of service life, these contributions by our fighting men are presented by

TEXCEL TAPE



SEAMAN 1st C.
CHARLES J. ANDRES
U. S. N. R.

HAVING BEEN AN ARTIST IN CIVILIAN LIFE, I WAS DELIGHTED WHEN THE ARMY TOLD ME THERE WAS ONE NEED FOR MY ARTISTIC TALENTS. MY FIRST PAINTING IS NOW ON EXHIBITION IN THE GUN ROOM. IT READS: "NO LOITERING"—A MASTERPIECE IF I SAY SO MYSELF

PVT. BERT J. LIPPMAN
A. U. S.

PRIVATE: Are you going to try to get a commission?
2nd PRIVATE: No, I just want a straight salary.

SGT. ARTHUR WEITHAS, A. U. S.



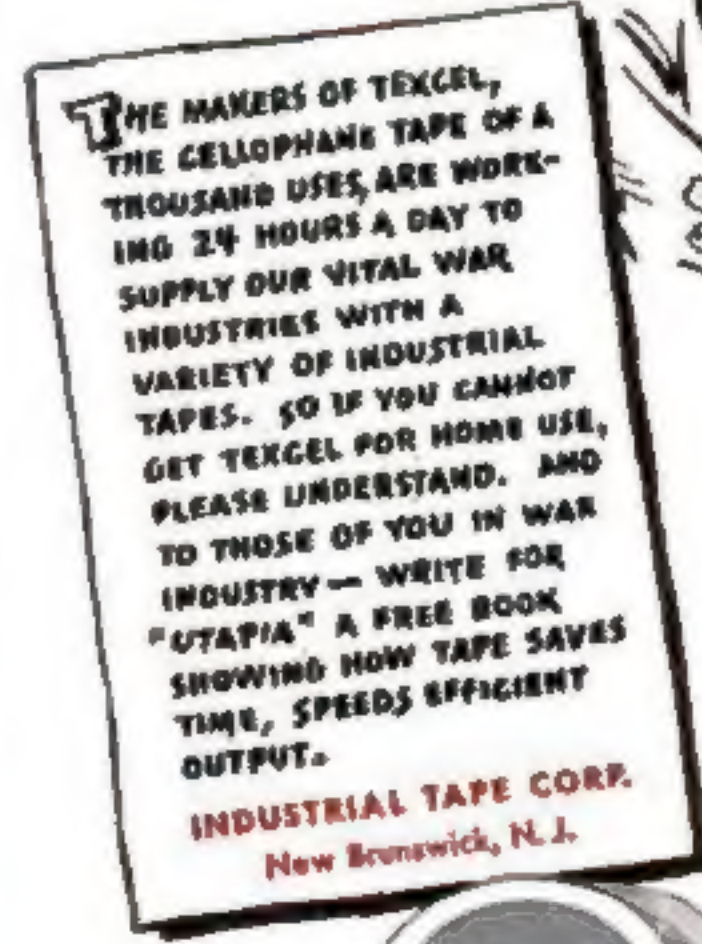
That sailor with the large mouth was a woman hater before meeting a Honolulu maiden in a dance hall. Three nights ago they were married.
YEOMAN 3rd C., MIKE PRIVITELLO
U. S. N. R.

FOLKS BACK HOME—You'll like the new "SLAP-A-JAP" COCKTAIL—Ingredients: One tall glass of water, one 25¢ Defense Stamp. It's got a real kick. Have one or two daily.

SGT. MURRAY J. LEWIS
U. S. M. C. R.

"LET'S SEE IF YOU LIKE BUTTER"

PVT. JOHN A. RUGE
A. U. S.



THE MAKERS OF TEXCEL, THE CELLOPHANE TAPE OF A THOUSAND USES, ARE WORKING 24 HOURS A DAY TO SUPPLY OUR VITAL WAR INDUSTRIES WITH A VARIETY OF INDUSTRIAL TAPES. SO IF YOU CANNOT GET TEXCEL FOR HOME USE, PLEASE UNDERSTAND. AND TO THOSE OF YOU IN WAR INDUSTRY—WRITE FOR "UTAPIA" A FREE BOOK SHOWING HOW TAPE SAVES TIME, SPEEDS EFFICIENT OUTPUT.
INDUSTRIAL TAPE CORP.
New Brunswick, N. J.

MEN AND WOMEN IN THE SERVICE? Send us your "Scrapbook" ideas. Address "Scrapbook, Texcel, New Brunswick, N. J."

TEXCEL
CELLOPHANE
TAPE



Which is your type... Jolson, Hildegard, Goodman?



JOLSON? Famous Al, whose Tuesday night radio show is the joy of millions, is the discerning type. "Regent is better tasting", he remarks. That's because Regents are made from choice Domestic and Turkish tobaccos, specially selected for finer flavor!



HILDEGARDE? This international singing star gets a kick out of collecting water colors. She's the economical type. "I like Regent's King Size", she observes. "In times like these, value's important. Regents are over 20% longer...naturally mean more value!"

GOODMAN? One of Benny's eight clarinets is reserved for the classics. The practical type, he says: "That Regent crushproof box is right in the groove! It's practically a personal cigarette case!" That's one reason why Regents are always in perfect smoking condition.



ALL THREE AGREE... that Regent, with its streamlined oval shape, is a mild smoke. Regent, you see—and only Regent—is Multiple Blended, an exclusive process that makes it extra mild! Try Regent yourself. Costs no more than other leading brands.



Quality tobaccos... Multiple Blended
make **REGENT**
The milder, better-tasting
cigarette!

PICTURES TO THE EDITORS (continued)

UPSIDE-DOWN BOSS

Sirs:

The gentleman below waving his legs in the air is our department-store manager goodnaturedly paying off a promise he made us to do anything we asked if we exceeded our December sales quota. We did, and made him pay off, as you see. He

is rather pleased with this picture of himself, because he says it's the first of many he's had made recently in which only one chin showed! His name is Robert M. Barden.

MONTGOMERY WARD
EMPLOYEES

Lexington, Ky.



TIMELY TIP

Sirs:

T. T. Tams of Princeton took a timely tip from farmers who stack cornstalks around their barns in winter to keep out

the cold. He tried it successfully on his home (below) and says the results are gratifying. Another way to lick the fuel shortage!

JANE K. GLASER

Princeton, N. J.



IMPRESSIONS

Sirs:

At left (below) you see an American boy's impression of a German Army officer, complete with eyeglasses and ersatz insignia. Not satisfied with telling only part of the story, he rigged himself out (right) as he thought that same officer

might visualize an American college boy. Needless to say, the second impression would be decidedly less accurate than the first. My friend Frank Hartnett was model for both pictures.

WILLIAM J. MALOY JR.

Georgetown University
Washington, D. C.



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House Warming, 1943

America makes the best of everything!

Because America is resourceful, it finds a way to meet all problems cheerfully.
Because America is hospitable, it finds a way to keep a welcome warm. Because
America is appreciative, it enjoys Schenley Royal Reserve — America's finest.

Buy War Bonds Regularly.

Schenley Royal Reserve, 60% Grain Neutral Spirits. Blended Whiskey, 86 Proof. Schenley Distillers Corp., New York City



That Extra Something!

...You can spot it every time

Of course the Armed Services get Coca-Cola just as they get all the good things that are wanted and needed to do each job.

Coca-Cola has that extra something to do the job of complete refreshment. It has a taste that's uniquely satisfying—a quality that's unmistakable. And there's a real reason for that. Coca-Cola holds an original secret of unique refreshment . . . a finished art in its making . . . a blend of wholesome flavors that sets it apart.

Your experience has discovered this special something in Coca-Cola . . . delicious taste with no cloying after-taste . . . refreshment in the finest form. The only thing like Coca-Cola is Coca-Cola, itself.

It's natural for popular names to acquire friendly abbreviations. That's why you hear Coca-Cola called Coke. Coca-Cola and Coke mean the same thing . . . the real thing . . . "coming from a single source, and well known to the community".



At U. S. O. recreation centers, you'll see how happily ice-cold Coca-Cola "cuts in" to make "intermission" a refreshing moment on the sunny side of things. It makes for morale.



No matter where fighting men get together, at home and abroad, it won't be very long before they'll connect with Cokes. In long days crowded with work and duties, they know that ice-cold Coca-Cola offers energy-giving refreshment.

"The Coke's in" is a signal for everybody to step up eagerly for ice-cold Coca-Cola. With less of it now in wartime, Coca-Cola being first choice sells out first.

The best is always the better buy!

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